

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1842.

## WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, MT. VERNON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS structure is ninety-six feet in length, two stories high, with a full length portico fronting the Potomac. There are six rooms and a spacious hall on the ground floor. The northeast room is very large. Its mantle-piece is of marble sent to General Washington from Italy. The ceiling of this apartment is handsomely sculptured. It contains an organ on which Mrs. Washington was accustomed to play, she having been a skillful performer. The family dining-room is in the southeast corner of the house, and in it is Washington's library, or a collection of books of his own selection, except as more modern works have been added. In front of the house is a lawn of five or six acres, containing some shrubbery and poplar trees. On the right of this is a flower garden, and on the left a kitchen garden, containing, in their season, vegetable productions. The flower garden is in fine taste. It has a green-house, built by General Washington, and a pinery. Its walks are handsomely bordered with box-wood. South of the mansion, some forty rods distant, is a summer-house, which commands a pleasing view of the river, and of the White House several miles below.

The grounds are nearly in the same state as they were at the decease of General Washington, and thus may they remain while the republic endures. This estate originally consisted of about four thousand acres. The soil is thin. Oak, hickory, dogwood, cedar, &c., compose the forests. It is a healthy spot, being subject only to the bilious disorders of the climate. The river scenery is agreeable if not enchanting.

The mansion was built partly by Lawrence Washington, a brother of the General, who added the wings, and greatly improved the grounds. It is named after Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington served. The estate descended from General Washington to his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington. After the death of the Judge it was divided amongst his nephews.

A visitor at Mt. Vernon thus describes the appearance of the grounds and improvements:

"We were conducted over long gravel walks, bordered with box, which is arranged and trimmed into the most fanciful figures, and which, at the age of twenty years and upwards, still possesses the vigor and freshness of youth. At the extremity of these extensive alleys and pleasure-grounds, ornamented with fruit trees and shrubbery, and clothed in perennial verdure, stands two hot-houses, and as many green-houses, situated in the sunniest part of the garden, and shielded from the northern winds by a long range of wooden buildings for the accommodation of servants. From

the air of a frosty December morning, we were suddenly introduced into the tropical climate of these spacious houses, where we long sauntered among groves of the coffee-tree, lemons and oranges, all in full bearing, regaling our senses with the flowers and odors of spring.

"One of the hot-houses is appropriated entirely to rearing the pine-apple, long rows of which we saw in a flourishing and luxuriant condition. Many bushels of lemons and oranges, of every variety are annually grown, which, besides furnishing the family with a supply of these fruits at all seasons, are distributed as delicacies to their friends, or used to administer to the comfort of their neighbors in cases of sickness. The coffee-plant thrives well, yields abundantly, and, in quality, is said to be equal to the best Mocha. The branches under which we walked were laden with the fruit, fast advancing to maturity. Among the more rare plants we saw the night-blowing cereas, the guava, aloes of a gigantic growth, the West India plantain, the sweet cassia in bloom, the prickly pear, and many others.

"At every step in these pleasure-grounds, the thought occurred that the illustrious projector is no more. In passing the house, the chamber in which he died was pointed out to us; and imagination, aided by these memorials, soon presented the scene in such distinct and vivid colors, that we seemed almost to follow his remains to the grave."

The fame of General Washington rests on an imperishable basis. It will wax, but never wane. It is questionable, if any other mortal has derived, from a career merely civil and military, so lasting a guerdon of deserved and spotless honor. Heroic achievements will not always be received with the acclamation bestowed upon them in past ages. The period is doubtless near when the unprincipled martial hero will be looked upon in the light of Satan contending with the Son of God. But the aim, and the method of Washington's achievements were such as must consign his name to universal and imperishable honor. He was not a mere hero. He was the benefactor of his race, and, under God, the savior of his country. Philanthropy governed all his actions, and he girded on the sword and stood forth his country's champion, because circumstances rendered patriotism itself philanthropy; not because the benevolent affections of his heart were supplanted by those more limited or selfish in their outflow. He will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen; and should the political institutions which he helped to rear ever perish, his fame will still survive. His martial and moral virtues, so unlike those of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, can never be forgotten. Should Americans forget him, the Arab and the Tartar will talk of him in their tents.

H.

Original.

## ELOPEMENT.

"An elopement"—the elopement of a young lady of eighteen years—the daughter of respectable and wealthy parents, of whom she was the caressed and indulged child. But she hath abandoned them—father and mother—parted, too, from brothers and sisters—her companions, her contemporaneous friends ever since she has lived! Her assured, pleasant, and easy home, she hath forsaken; and all at the instigation of a stranger—at best the acquaintance of a few months! The affliction of the parents we can imagine, not portray—the bitterness of that sting which is "sharper than a serpent's tooth," and does, indeed, "outvenom all the worms of Nile," it took a Shakspeare to note, and none other may reveal so deep an anguish.

But how could a daughter do such cruelty against her parents—how disgrace their old age by an act so coarse? Was her training so faulty? Had no admonition, no comment been afforded to her inexperience? Had her parents been only indulgent, and not faithful to her? How, in a well ordered family, should such a thing occur? Are there no circumstances of extenuation in the case? There *is*, we fear, some concession of this sort, but nothing at all unusual. How many families, who believe themselves regular and consistent in the management of their children, do yet err as to this contingency—not by disregard as to the theory—not by an *adverse*, but by a *defective* and short-coming practice in the social economy of home! I know not how far this might have been the case in the present instance. The extreme youth of the young lady, whilst it affords some palliation to her error, yet suggests the idea, that had she been *very carefully* trained, *timidity*, grounded in delicacy, had supplied to her youth the place of discretion, and guarded her from the boldness of her present act.

The young man, *with whom she ran away*, was, we understand, not *very* exceptionable, saving so far as this instance implicates him—and that is far enough—was not very offensive, though not a favorite with the parents. And had he been dignified enough to come into the family in a regular way, the parents might probably, in time, have been won upon by the wishes of the daughter to sanction the connection, and she, retaining their regard, might have been married, as a proper young lady would wish, in her own paternal home. Yet, bewildered in the novelty of the adventure, neither the groom nor his bride seem aware of the ignominious notoriety which they have called forth. A few seasons passed, and they will perceive that there *has* occurred a change in the estimation with which they are regarded—they will know that they have not worn well with the respectable and the discreet, and that the undue *hurry* in a matter so important as a connection for life, rests not with the one act, but is imputed as a *characteristic* trait upon both parties. Self-love may be aroused before the more generous jealousy of friendship shall be touched; and thus this young pair are in danger of a false start, and of get-

ting at odds with the world at the outset. And as nothing is so distrustful as conscious delinquency, so their course will be disturbed by imaginary as well as by real annoyances. Their humor and tone will be very unfavorable, not to themselves alone, but to all the relations to which it may extend. In short, they have made a very great mistake.

The partial excuse which we have conceded to the minority of the lady, we do by no means extend to the gentleman. As instigator of the plot, and as having the advantage of some seven years' experience, we afford him no such palliative. He was old enough, had he been generous enough, to have counseled himself in this sort—"In urging this step, I know I am betraying the delicacy of the woman I love—not betraying her from the propriety of her course before the public alone, but betraying the deeper faculties of her heart—the gratitude and consideration which she owes by principle, as well as all that should impel her by affection to her earthly parents—if we must, alas! leave out of the account that which she owes to her Father in heaven; for she hath not been well defended—she does not refer herself to such a reliance! And *can* she, who finds it possible, under any circumstances, to trample on home duties—can she be faithful under any form of obligation? Shall the wife be more true than was the daughter? No, verily; for 'out of the same fountain' shall *not* come forth waters 'both sweet and bitter.' Yet *I* am affording her countenance and conduct in this apostasy! If, even amidst the bewilderment of passion, it is already apparent to my apprehensions, that she can be *persuaded* to do what is wrong, where shall my trust repose itself when she is *mine*, and necessarily the depository of my respectability and my honor? Yet do I pluck on to the issue; for I cannot abandon my speculation in its crisis of success." And what *are* his motives?

Let the young girl, before she permits herself to be persuaded into the impropriety of a clandestine proceeding in the matter of marriage, reflect, that it is almost invariably the case, that her solicitor and abettor is of *inferior station and fortune to herself*. Let her recollect all the instances within her memory, and see if this is not almost uniformly the case—so much so, as to warrant her in her distrust of the disinterestedness of his motives. Can she not, in her own case, say, he affects to prefer me, with all these difficulties, and forbiddings, and violations of order and rule, and exposure to censure and discredit, &c., &c.; but is it not—*because*—my father has a better *fortune* than any other with whom he might connect himself? If he is an absolute *adventurer*, perhaps he *tells* her that he is rich, and that motives of interest have no part in his object of a connection—he disclaims, with suspicious asseveration, *any* degree of regard for wealth—"filthy lucre" he despises equally with the dross from whence it has been gathered. All the while, he would not talk so much about it, if it were not so much in his thoughts.

Not, however, that we would make *fortune* the one consideration on which so important a matter as mar-



riage should turn. Yet, upon this subject, it is not narrow, but only discreet, that the young lady, if she have a fortune, should distrust rather than confide. Let her refer herself to her parents to know whether this sinister tendency—a sordid love of money—may consist with the character presented; and if it do, let her believe, that where it sways at all in the season of youthful emotion, that *there*, also, it engrosses and leads with predominating power. Thus far in her premises, and the deduction is direct enough, i. e., that he might love another as well as her—if *equally eligible!*—“as well!” If she is not now disenchanted, we must leave her to the thrall of her own groveling and ignominious ideas of the case.

We do not assert that every man who marries a rich wife has been attracted by her property; for we have seen those who were in a manner deterred by this very disparity. And we know individuals whose disinterestedness was their recommendation, and to whom, in this idea, encouragement was proffered over more wealthy suitors. But we have much more often seen the young female of character and merit, who would not, in her own case, have commuted the least quality of mind or heart, for all of Croesus' wealth, yet sacrificed to the assiduity and to the machinations of a *fortune hunter!* And our young heroine, who is requested to *abscond* with a gentleman, had better reflect, that if he were *true*, and had been well trained in his own paternal home, he would hardly demand such sacrifice from one who, by her youth and inexperience, is insufficient to adjudge the case fairly, and whose only safety is in the protecting influences of her home affections. Let her think that he who could endeavor to persuade her against rectitude and propriety, may be not only sordid, but does not possess that moderation and considerateness of others which is the wife's best guaranty of happiness in the companion of her life.

But perhaps, under all discouragements, she marries him. Let us trace their course and progress, in the first place, leaving apart the command which says, “Honor thy father and thy mother.” She hath offended, affronted, and aggrieved these—her parents—and they are fain, without hardness, to put her away from them, or rather to acquiesce in the distance which she hath so irreverently prescribed to them. Yes, she hath turned away from her parents—separated herself by an act of opposition to their wishes concerning herself. True, she hath never doubted, in a single instance, their disinterested regard for her—but she prefers a stranger. From her brothers and her sisters, too, she hath in a sort divided herself; for they naturally take part with their parents. Especially do her sisters see fit to assert their own discretion, since *her* conduct points upon them an opposite inference. Her gay companions, the least advised amongst them, for a transient season, participate in her bridal festivities. The twelve-month, perhaps, finds her in a home *so very different* from the paternal one, that it should require other solace than any offered by the aggravated feelings of her disconcerted, disappointed partner to cheer her.

The sunshine friends, who could once, in their own sense, borrow consequence from her superior station, now find her of no more worth, and determine never to afford her the opportunity of requital—making *her* defalcation from duty an excuse for their own derisive levity—a convenient logic, worthy of those who use it. But of *such* is the world, or rather *their* world; and *for such* are they straining every effort, in their diminished powers, to sustain appearances, and by factitious means to keep up a *factitious style*—the one engrossing littleness of their hearts. But with all its sacrifices and sufferings, it will *not do*; and the crush of *bankruptcy* closes the first act of “the clandestine marriage.” And though I have likened it to a worthless pageant, it is a startling and anxious reality to them. Nor, had means and fortune always sufficed them, would their disobedience, or their impiety have been the less.

“What then,” you say, “are young persons never to marry because the old people do not happen to think as they do?” We reply that the instances are very few in which the parents are not won over to acquiescence at least—unless objection is substantial—unless the connection proposed is a positively improper one. And even these few instances of pertinacity and unreasonableness, we verily believe, if submitted to, or deferred, result in more satisfaction to the junior party than would their own *wills*, as arrayed in opposition to those who, in the course of nature, will cease to dictate whilst they are yet in the midst of life.

It were indeed a bold as well as a heartless idea to *calculate* the death of a friend—neither is it so; but if the affection have endured, the sacrifice were endeared over the grave of the departed; and the sad survivor, having dropped “her natural tears,” and given a lapse of time which betokens her respect, whilst it heals the shock of her bereavement, knows that the sacrifice is no longer necessary; and our pious young friends may yet live together many days in “the land which the Lord their God giveth them.”

An instance of this sort has come under my immediate cognizance, and relates to a friend of my early youth. This lady was a person of great character; and I have always been delighted to recollect a refined and spirited observation of hers—“I will never,” said she, “marry without my parents' consent; nor will I ever go out of their house to be married.” And this considerateness, indeed, she owed to their sedulous training of her. Albeit, they were sturdy, and, as most persons thought, unreasonable in their opposition to her marriage. The suitor was a gentleman by birth, and of undoubted character—in intellectuality superior—of education and standing the best; but he was *poor, comparatively*, very poor; for the lady was very rich. Yet not an individual amongst all her baffled admirers ever accused him of coveting her fortune. Indeed, he was an instance in point of the disinterestedness which I have noticed above; and was preferred accordingly. But the parents could not listen at all to it; and after the subject had been once regularly dis-

posed of, no further mention or importunity was proposed by the suitor or the lady; for of the senior couple it was well understood, that their decree, like the law of the Medes and Persians, altered *not*; and they hoped that, with sufficient time and discouragement, the daughter would *wear out* her regard. But after the silence and lapse of *three* years, they began to fear that she *herself was wearing away*. Her health was changed—her spirit seemed weary, and she found no delight in any thing. She was a highly accomplished girl. Whatever she did she *did well*; and her performances had hitherto ministered not only to the delight of others but to her own satisfaction. But now nothing pleased her. Her drawings, in which she excelled, were neglected—no further specimens were produced. In music, too, she was a proficient; but her “grand piano,” which had been sent out to England for, by her father, a great improvement upon the other two instruments in her music saloon, remained untouched—only enough used to betoken her cognizance of the favor intended. Social society she had almost entirely abandoned. Three years, I say, had elapsed, yet she spoke of no hope, breathed no complaint.

It was about this time that she made the noble observation that I have mentioned. Her magnanimity, I think, conquered her parents’ reluctance. Her father proposed that she might marry if she chose; that he would no longer withhold his consent. The mother had, perhaps, really yielded before this time. So the daughter was married by the sanction of her parents, and in *their house*.

Even this last circumstance is no insignificant matter. A church, indeed, is a most suitable place to witness so important a solemnity as marriage; but, excepting that, none other is so fitting as the paternal mansion. How revolting would it seem to a young lady, should a gentleman propose to her, in any other ceremonial, that she should be not waited upon, but advancing, *assisting*, as it were, to the *rendezvous*. In *this* case, I would think, least of all. And though the reproach may never be expressed by the party proposing, yet I doubt not but the lady loses some degrees in his respect by this compliance.

But my reader is good enough to be interested in the progress of my last hero and heroine. The son-in-law in a few years found himself the favorite and valued friend of the family who had received him; and more recently, when their very large fortune was apportioned to the heirs, he, in right of his wife, shared equally with the other members of the family.

It may be observed that there is a preliminary faithfulness from parents to their children concerning this point, which, if it have been disregarded or neglected, affords the greatest extenuation to the latter, which the case of an unsuitable marriage admits of. And this is where the parents have given no warning or intimation of discontent in the society and attentions of a young gentleman visiting their daughter. If they have allowed one, who they intended should never be permitted to intermarry in their family, the freedom and inti-

macy of their house, though they have not abetted, yet have they in a sort unwarily betrayed their daughter into the connection which now they affect to condemn. It was a result naturally to be expected from such a state of things. They have exposed the young man, and deceived him into seeking a marriage to which otherwise he would not probably have aspired. Let those who are not improper as *acquaintances*, be, for good neighborhood’s sake, not excluded from your house on occasions of general association; but if you will not let them marry your daughters, guard sedulously that your hospitality does not go beyond this. The intimacy of your parlor may seem to imply somewhat more than you intend. I have even heard, with some very vain persons, of the baseness of giving countenance to more humble aspirants, to swell the list of a daughter’s train, and so provoke the rivalry of *acceptable* suitors; but I believe such manœuvring not frequent—not of easy imposition upon any young man who has spirit enough to *take care of himself*. But against less gross practices perhaps he is in more danger.

I now recollect an aggravated case of this kind, where a young gentleman, of fine person, of engaging talents and address, was the allowed, indeed, the solicited guest of a family. He was the constant attendant and chaperon of the female inmates. His accomplished flute, or his rich volume of voice, was the accompaniment of the daughter’s piano; and his gallant and dexterous sportsmanship constituted him the favored companion of the father’s hunting, fishing, or fowling excursions. The mother was pleased with his complacent good humor, and his obliging cleverness to whatever occasion or purpose it suited. Was it strange, then, that he was beguiled by all around him? Was it strange that he loved the daughter, or that she reciprocated the sentiment? Under these circumstances, that the parents should affect a refusal to the connection was not an instance of a merely deferred prudence, but—of a hard-hearted profligacy! Yet they did so refuse; for the young gentleman, accomplished and amiable though he was, yet possessed not sterling worth of character, or of purpose, or stability. His opportunities had not been good. Early bereaved of his father, his mother had not been sufficient, except for his outward education. And the time spent with the riding or the fencing master, at the dancing-school, and with the music teacher, had not only encroached on the hours of mental application, but had established their own spirit, and superinduced a light and dissipated turn—a taste for the easy and the graceful, and a positive revulsion from the arduous and the requiring, however necessary. The young lady’s father was not at fault in his perspicacity—he perceived and knew this at once; yet was his head so much better than his heart—yet was he so selfish and so unprincipled that he let the *liason* confirm itself upon the young people, and *then* would fain have forbidden the banns! But it was too late. Neither was it a fair argument which he pleaded in excuse of his denial, that the gentleman was not a proper match for his daughter. It is true that he



was not; for she was greatly his superior, both in qualities and by training. And the fair pride which the father might have assumed for his daughter, was but an impertinent assertion, as the case now stood. They were married; and the only child of her parents was forbidden their house, whilst they were left bereaved and disconsolate, and all in consequence of their own wanton, heedless *disregard of household regulation*.

The last I heard concerning them, the young couple were living, if not in absolute want, yet in circumstances of narrow deprivation; for the husband was incapable of business, having neither the steadiness nor the information necessary for affairs; whilst the poor parents were suffering the worse mortification of an unendeared and distasteful luxury, which had been provided for their child, and which served only to remind them of her constrained desertion. But it was the ordering of Providence that they should not enjoy the things in which, perhaps, they had been too entirely absorbed. But since they accept not of this admonition, to any wise use—since, though old, they have not taken hold of the comforts of piety—they continue still to languish out their unsolaced existence—pining and wretched amidst the unappropriated abundance which surrounds them.

Gentle reader, yet one other variety of elopement, which has come under my observation, and I am done. I remember of yore a beautiful sylph-like young creature, of about fifteen summers. Abiding in the same town, and now a student in college, was a young gentleman about five years her senior. It took a very short time after their introduction for them to form an engagement. This was sanctioned by the parents of the lady, (the gentleman was from abroad,) with the proviso that they should wait the expiration of his term in college before they married. And this stipulation, one would think, were unnecessary, inasmuch as it is *contrary to law* that a student does marry during the college course. However, for the sake of performing a romance, perhaps, one *moonlight evening* Miss D. stepped *through a window*, instead of out the door, which was impertinently convenient, and ascending a carriage, was *wheeled away to a justice of the peace*—the nearest similitude to the Blacksmith of Gretna Green—and *married*—having previously procured, in some clandestine way, a *special license*, instead of awaiting the publication of banns for three successive Sabbaths by a *priest*. The parents missed their daughter, but were in no great consternation or anxiety concerning her, knowing that, as she *had no where else to go*, she must of course *come home* again. The only reason why she had not asked their consent, at this time, was that she *knew they were perfectly willing* for the connection; and it would have marred the consistency of her stratagem to have gone on in a regular way. So, after having spent two or three weeks in the usual bridal excursion, they returned home, and the daughter rushed into the house, and throwing herself incontinently at the feet of her parents, implored their forgiveness for the *rash* step she had taken, &c.

This young lady had only read too many novels. But, alas! she enjoyed all this farce of romance better in the beginning than she did in the sequel of "poetical justice." The gentleman, though not unpromising when she married him, yet soon merged into vice; and the poverty which soon followed, in his course of inebriety, she submitted to with what grace she could, was bitter enough. They lived together a few years, when he fell a victim to dissipation; and she, having tasted enough of novel-like romance, is corrected of her folly, and is now a reasonable and pious-minded widow. Recently it was related in her presence, that a runaway heroine, being overtaken by her parents, had performed a little *ruse* to excite their sympathy and forgiveness. When the parents got into her room, having bursted the bolted locks, they found her lying, with closed eyes and *disheveled tresses*, upon the floor, and at a little distance a nearly empty two ounce bottle, labelled "LAUDANUM." Alas! poor parents, how was their horror, after its first relief, changed into a mixture of indignation and shame, when the chemist, having assayed the remaining drops of the bottle, pronounced it to contain nothing more baleful than—*sweetened water*! When this story was related to our widow, she checked her first irresistible outbreak of humor, and with a deep, and deeper blush, cut short the derisive censure of her own remark, adding in a somewhat low tone, "But, indeed, young people *can* do things too absurd almost for old people to believe." Her sense of rectitude could have supplied a more fitting epithet than "absurd" to this gross violation of domestic and of social duties; but, humbled by the recollection of her former self, she acquiesced in this one more instance of that reflected shame which had visited her bosom, and pointed its consciousness through life. And yet this was but the lesser and lighter phase of the subject. In her piety to God, and in her deeper convictions, as her repentance was sincere, she had also been better consoled; and though her fault had not been very aggravated, yet had it drawn a notoriety upon her modest parents, shamed their propriety, and subjected them to the unfair imputation of having neglected her early principles of discretion. But now that she had attained to the more thorough and enlarged principles of holy rule, she perceived *where* the *shortcoming* had been, and said within herself, "If, instead of an isolated principle—a mere selfish rule—my caretakers had placed my feet upon the 'Rock of ages,' I had not fallen—I *could not* have erred. Yet, mixed with the fallacies of their philosophy, do I acknowledge the consentings of *my own wicked will*; and as such is our tendency—our liability by nature—it points the excellency of that restraining grace which is sufficient to all the exigencies of humanity." But the recurring shame which continued to place its symbol on her brow, she suffered meekly, adding, "I would not gainsay this, if I could. The little disturbance is salutary within. Hidden away in the grace of God, my patience covers it; and for the outward exhibition it shows the beautiful economy of Providence, which

tends to conserve *order*, even in her own elements. 'In confidence, too,' I will tell it; and if the youthful observer is wise, it shall be to her—a *beacon*."

I am aware that the instance may frequently occur, that it is not to the *heedless* that I need address myself. Alas! it is by the prevalence of an opposite vice that my warning is of supererogation; not too much carelessness, but too much *avidity* is the shame. And our romantic young lady is informed that elopements are quite out of taste—quite antiquated; that demonstrations of this sort, or any ultraism of sentiment, or of its counterfeit, stands in rather broad contrast to the prevailing taste of the day, which is more for *luxury* than for *love*, and that many a belle prefers her father's stately mansion, in the centre of the city, over the "sweetest cottage" in the most "sequestered dell" of which she has ever read. A Brussels carpet is softer to her foot than all the mosses of the shade; and she prefers lobster sallad over cream and strawberries—if—they "*must* be gathered where they grow." And this *sensible girl*, if she cannot step out of her father's house into one *quite as splendid*, decides that she may as well stay where she is, and take her chance for a more equal proposal.

But levity apart, for I feel that it is unworthy of my subject, unworthy to follow the more solemn admonition and the *reference* to which it is pointed, I will add that I have been perfectly sincere and in earnest, and not at all captious. And, at a partial view, although I rejoice that I have not myself a daughter to involve me in the possible disgrace of an *elopement*, yet, did I not abide in a more enlarged philosophy, should I envy the mother who is possessed of pious and obedient ones.

I have addressed my subject to the young and the reclaimable; but the *married woman*, who can abandon her home, her husband, her children, her duties, and her vows, comes not within the category of my censure. She is not only lost, but *unprincipled*; and as the mercy of Heaven is accorded to every penitent, all should say, amen, yet do I concur, that decent society, in guarding its members, owes her no further consideration—no countenance—no obligation, *ever* to receive her again within its ranks.

CONSTANTIA.

Original.

#### DECENCY AT CHURCH.

It is an invariable custom to consecrate new churches to the worship God by religious ceremonies. The practice seems to be warranted by examples recorded in the Old Testament. When the tabernacle was set up in the wilderness it was dedicated to the service of God. The consecration extended to the vessels used in the sacrifices of the Jewish religion. When the tabernacle was supplanted by the magnificent temple built by Solomon, the dedication of the new house was a most imposing ceremony. The description of it in 1 Kings, chap. viii, is solemn and instructive. When the Israelites were released from their captivity in the days of Ezra, and were permitted to rebuild the tem-

ple, the house was again dedicated with many tokens of joy, and hecatombs were sacrificed in honor of the occasion. In John x, 22, mention is made of a certain festival called the "feast of the dedication," which was in winter. This feast is supposed to have been derived from the Maccabean cleansing of the temple, when it was polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes, and the dedication which followed. See 1 Macc. iv, 52, 53, 54. The temple rebuilt by Herod was also dedicated with solemn ceremonies. This was only four years previous to the advent.

Many things besides the temple were dedicated by the Jews, as vessels, altars, cities and their gates and walls. Nehemiah dedicated the walls and gates of Jerusalem. The Jews dedicated even their private houses, as we learn from the language of Moses, who, on the eve of battle, said to the people, "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him return to his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man dedicate it."

The dedication of churches is not intended to render them holy, but rather to solemnize and chasten the minds of worshipers, and by the power of association make that seem holy to them which is of itself like any other place or object. The usage may very properly be maintained. It is sanctioned by long precedent, and is doubtless acceptable to God.

But when a house is thus dedicated to God, certain improprieties of behavior should be discouraged and guarded against. We should not mock our own solemnities by after indecencies or indelicacies. Men should be sharply reprov'd who bestrew the consecrated walls and furniture of the sanctuary with the tokens of that unbecomingly practice, tobacco chewing. We have seen fine churches more defiled by these "abusers of themselves," than would have happened by converting the sanctuary, for a season, into a pig-fold, under the inspection of a diligent and wary swine herd. Seats as well as walls, which at the dedication were pure as drifting snow, have become so defiled with the juices, as to make the reverent worshiper grow giddy on his knees, and produce clerical gag-gings from the pulpit.

We have no lectures for the men, as this is no vehicle of admonition or reproach for them. But we appeal to their decent wives and daughters. Not that we would provoke their permanent ill-nature; though we must confess that few things in creation demerit more conjugal severity than the practice of domestic chewing, which scatters around the habitation the excrements of a mouth most defiled and stenchy. But what we would of the ladies, is that you protect the house of God. If there is no other way to do it, put on your best silks, and when you reach the sanctuary sit close to your erring husband, forewarning him that you are resolved no tobacco juice shall fall upon the walls, or floor, or utensils of God's house, and that, to save him from the guilt of defiling the "holy place of the sanctuary of the Most High," he must make *you* his spit-box.



We have heard of a lady, in high and honored life, who, when her forgetful husband bedaubed the floor of the pew with a quid, grasped it with her glove, wiping the juices with her very costly handkerchief. The event was satisfactory. He purchased her some new gloves and kerchiefs, and did not chew in church for twelve months thereafter. Was she wrong? Were her costly garments more precious than God's temple, "the place where *his honor dwelleth*?"

### MATERNAL DECISION.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

It is not difficult to be decided, were this all; but to be decided and firm while the feelings and the voice are as soft as the lute, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Many times every week, and sometimes every day, he must be denied, and his wishes and will be made to submit to yours. When he is well, you must, of necessity, be constantly thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand further than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel that he is on the bed of death, you must control him, govern him, command him, and see that he obeys! Your own decision, energy, and firmness, must never waive for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will lead you to do your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother—who held her child while his leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness which he dared not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good—who does not admire? These two qualities, decision and mildness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern or too lenient. But the mother, she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. She must, however, have the aid of Heaven. She must seek it in prayer, at the foot of the throne, and there she will find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he her only son. When a young man he said or did something in the presence of his sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper. His mother told him of his fault, mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her commands. He refused. She next requested him to go with her into his chamber in the third story. He complied. She then very coolly took the key, and told him, she should lock the door, and he would neither see her face, nor receive food, till he submitted.

The next day she called at the door of the prisoner. "My son, are you ready to comply with my request?"

"No, mother."

The second day, the same question was asked and the same answer received. The third day she went to the door, and said, "James, you think by holding out thus, your mother will yield, and come to your terms, but you do not know her. I am in the path of duty, and I shall not yield till the timbers of this house decay and fall, should I live so long!"

That evening he would have sent a message to his mother, but he had no messenger. On the fourth day he promised to do whatever she required. She opened the door, and her pale, sickly looking boy embraced her with tears, asked her pardon, and submitted to her requisition. He has since been seen to shed tears of gratitude over that decision and faithfulness, and to assert, with the utmost confidence, that it was this firmness, in his widowed mother, that saved him from irrevocable ruin.—*Mother's Assistant.*

Original.

### PHRENOLOGY.

BY ALFRED M. LORRAINE.

It is not our object, at present, to examine the claims of phrenology; but to inquire, if true, wherein does it conflict with revelation, tend to infidelity, or contravene the moral agency of man? When we say, if true, of course we mean in the main, without embracing the condiments with which it is usually served up.

If the superstructure of the system is founded on the presumption, that the physical organs give an arbitrary direction to the dispositions and acts of immortal spirits, which will necessarily tend to certain ends, and no adequate provision has been made to arrest such tendency, then would it deserve the most indignant opposition of all sensible and pious persons. But the phrenologist, by inverting the above position, may establish a platform more reasonable, and at the same time more tenable. Instead of supposing that the organs are made to control the mind, let him admit that the growing and unfolding dispositions of the soul give shape and direction to the outward man, and then, as far as we can see, the theory will be conformable to the most approved theology, time immemorial.

It is certainly admitted, in natural philosophy, that the bones and cartilage of the head and face are extremely flexible in infancy, approaching almost as near to a fluid as to a solid state. And we may justly suppose that until they are perfectly ossified, and hardened into manhood, they are not entirely impervious to mental impression. We find but little difference (waiving accidents and extraneous circumstances) in the heads of infants. It is true, it will be said the child is like this one or that one; but wherever there is a pleasant gentleman, somewhat inclined to obesity, and who has an innocent and bumpless head, full face, and double chin, nearly all the children who are born in the circumference of his acquaintance are accused of being

(in miniature) his *fac simile*. So much for the uniformity of infants.

Wherein does this doctrine militate against orthodoxy? Has it not been admitted, time out of mind, that although all men are fallen, yet depravity is developed variously in different subjects? Among children of the same family we find an interesting boy, who, although he gives ample testimony of original sin, is nevertheless a sensitive bulb of benevolence and mercy. He

"Would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm,  
But turn aside and let the reptile live."

But his ungracious brother is a mere Nero in principle. He banquets upon the miseries of his fellow creatures; and the groans of brutal expiration is music in his ears. His companions start back from his unfeeling sports, and wonder where his rampant cruelty will end. Is this scriptural? Yes. The apostle Paul exhorts us to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." And all this accords with experience. In our love feasts we sometimes hear a brother, after speaking of the work of grace in his soul, lament that his peculiar besetment is "levity of spirit;" and after recounting some of the conflicts with, and victories over this standing enemy of his peace, in view of a perpetual warfare, he claims the prayers of his brethren. Another complains of "hardness of heart," while others are fighting hard for life, and resisting, almost unto blood, propensities so unlovely, that they are willing to keep them in perpetual concealment, until the Lord shall send forth judgment unto victory. It appears, then, that there are moral bumps, cleaving (not merely to the cranium—that were a light thing—but) to the soul. And this once admitted, all the consequences may be pinned to it, that are righteously or unrighteously fastened to phrenology. The impious may say, whether the bumps or imperfections are mental or physical, they are clear indications of the truth of infidelity. This we deny; for there are religious communities who hold to the darkest aspect of fatalism, in conjunction with the truth, and yet so efficacious is the Gospel, that, even beclouded with this deadly incubus of error, it is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. But consistent Christians may say, in those deep characteristic curves and lines, "We see the eccentric and voluntary aberrations of our fallen nature from pristine purity; but we see, also, a gracious plenitude of centripetal power to bring the farthest wanderer back to the orbit of full salvation, if he will only yield to be saved by grace." It is no proof against phrenology that the work of regeneration does not immediately transform the body. "That which is born of the Spirit, is *spirit*." It is the spirit and not the body that is born again. And although regeneration frequently imparts to the most unfavorable structure a pleasant aspect, yet we need not wonder that it does not remodel bones and features which have been long consolidated by age. It is enough for us to know that God has promised to extend this grace to the body in due time; and that in the morning of eternity our bo-

dies shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our great Mediator. Yes,

"Array'd in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine;  
And every feature, every face,  
Be heavenly and divine."

In the mean time, a bad development in the head or face of a Christian, should cause none to esteem him less. The harder the subject the brighter the trophy. And many such have clearly illustrated the doctrine of our Lord, "To whom much is forgiven, the same will love much."

Again, admitting that it is the mind that gives prominence to the organ, the circumstance of a man's losing a portion of the brain by suppuration (*if?*), or a feature of the face by excision, and still retaining his distinctive character, is no argument against either phrenology or physiognomy. We might as well expect that the amputation of the tongue would cure a slanderer of his bent of sinning. No, let the unruly member go by the board, and give the man pen and paper, and he will slander still. Indeed, it is only because he possesses not the constitution of a polypus, that the untamable organ does not revive.

Why, we ask, should the Church be so sensitive in regard to new theories, unless they are broached in avowed hostility to the Gospel? The present well established philosophy of the heavens and earth was once viewed askance by the Church, (such as it then was;) and there are some now, ignorant, it is true, but duly pious, who will not admit the diurnal revolution of the earth, because the Bible, in accordance with human phraseology, tells of the rising and setting sun. Others reject the idea of a plurality of worlds—planets larger than our own, because it draws along with it the conclusion that they are inhabited. And this *they think* militates against Christianity. However, such cases are becoming more sparse, as the light of science steals insensibly through the universe of mind. And all true sciences, when winnowed of the chaff of human speculations, are in perfect amity with the word of God. Notwithstanding all the use that infidelity once made of astronomy, the Church has at last brought forth a Chalmers and a Dick, who have gathered from that celestial science an immense revenue of glory into Christ's kingdom. So when phrenology and physiognomy (they should not be divided) are "sifted as wheat," they may be found in fellowship with truth, and constitute an indispensable study in clerical lore. In eighteen hundred years ancient sciences have been more perfectly disclosed—new theories have sprung up, but the venerable Gospel stands unharmed.

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Spreads from the vale, and mid-way leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

HE that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.



Original.  
NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

BIRDS—DRESS.

BIRDS are beautifully attired. Of them it may be said, as of the lilies, that though "they spin not, yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Still, there is no sacrifice of comfort for mere show. Their covering is peculiarly adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. It is warm and light. Feathers are, in an eminent degree, non-conductors of caloric, or heat, and are so constructed and arranged as to confine a large quantity of air near the body, which is an excellent protection from the extremes of temperature. And what lighter than a feather? How beautifully adapted for the clothing of an animal destined to move in so rare a medium as the air! Birds that remain in high latitudes through the year, are much more warmly clad than those that migrate to warmer regions. In addition to ordinary feathers, they are covered with a fine, soft down, in which they defy the fiercest blast of a northern winter. Aquatic birds are also covered with a very thick coat of feathers and down, which, when anointed with an oily secretion copiously provided by glands near the tail, effectually preserve them from becoming wetted, though in the water for days together.

In the *color* of their dress, birds present a greater diversity than is found in any other class of animals. Here may be found every shade, from the snowy white of the swan, to the coal black of the raven. The liveliest colors are seen in the tropical regions. But in all climates, *as is meet*, the female, and the young of both sexes, are generally "arrayed in modest apparel"—much less showy than that of the adult male.

Most birds molt or change their dress at least once a year—many twice. Some, in this change, undergo a great metamorphosis. The fire-wing blackbird, for example, before his migration to the south, lays aside his glossy black coat, with his bright red epaulets, for the plain garb of the female, from which he cannot then be easily distinguished. But though some few have their summer and winter dress, with them there is no "change of fashion." Nor is there occasion; for their dress is most beautifully adapted to their form, habits, and "circumstances in life." The blustering and garrulous jay would certainly appear quite "out of fix" in the modest attire of the ground pigeon, or dove, while the latter, in the gaudy plumage of the jay, would be about as appropriately clad, as a blushing country lass decked in the tinsel of a city belle. And what is appropriate one year is equally so the next.

In the *structure* of the feather there is very striking evidence of design. Take the large feathers in the wing. In these it is important that the qualities of lightness and strength should be in a high degree combined—a thing by no means common. We find the lower end, or the quill part of the feather, composed of

a tough horny substance, formed into a hollow cylinder—a disposition of the materials best calculated for resisting flexion. The upper part, or vane, consists of two rows of flattened filaments, arranged on opposite sides of the stem, with their edges in the direction in which the greatest force is to be resisted. This gives them sufficient strength to prevent their bending upward, when the air is beaten by the wing in the act of flying. But these filaments, which are arranged with their flat surfaces in contact, are found to adhere to one another with considerable tenacity. Attempt to separate them, and, if the feather be large, it will be seen that they are held together by no glutinous matter, but by an immense number of minute fibrils, arranged along the upper edge of the filament like a fringe, and so constructed as to catch upon and clasp those with which they come in contact. By the aid of the microscope, the same contrivance is seen in the smaller feathers. In some few species the feathers are not furnished with fibrils, but such birds are not fitted for flight. The ostrich is an example.

VOICE.

Birds are remarkable for their strength of voice. Though, as a class, much smaller than the mammals, they can be heard at a far greater distance. This great power of producing sound is the result of their peculiar organization. The throat is large and strong, the lungs capacious, and connected with numerous other air vessels, and the whole arrangement such as to enable the bird to force the air from its body with great velocity. And what a pleasing *variety* of sound is produced by the different species. Harsh and soft, shrill and grave, gay and plaintive, are the notes that mingle in the general pean. Several kinds of birds readily imitate the voice and notes of others, and some few the tones of the human voice, and the voice of other animals. The most celebrated of these is the American mocking-bird, (*Turdus polyglottus*), which imitates the notes of nearly every other bird with such perfection as to deceive the most practiced ear. The powers of the parrot, in imitating the human voice, are well known.

THE SENSES.

In birds sight is by far the most extensive and acute of the senses. On this they chiefly depend in discovering their food. The kite, when soaring at an immense elevation, perceives upon the earth the object of his prey, though as diminutive as a field-mouse, or sparrow. The swallow discovers the tiny insect upon which it feeds when darting through the air with the velocity of an arrow. The sense of *hearing* is also quite acute—that of *smell* less so than among quadrupeds. The supposed acuteness of this latter sense in carnivorous birds, especially in those that feed on carrion, has been most clearly proved by Mr. Audobon to be erroneous. The organs of taste and touch are very imperfectly developed in this class of animals, and appear to afford them but little service.

In their *habits* and *instincts*, birds are as remarkable as in their organical structure. On these subjects a

volume might be filled with the wonders of science. A few remarks, however, must suffice for this place. These will be confined to the nidification and migration of birds, and their powers of imitation.

#### NIDIFICATION.

In making their nests, each species has its own plan, no two constructing them just alike. But with the same species there is a remarkable degree of uniformity. The robin of Europe builds its nest like the robin of this continent—the young like the old, and undoubtedly those of the present day like those that nestled in the trees of paradise. Most birds place their nests upon trees—some build upon the naked rock—others burrow deep in the ground—some seek the barn or deserted dwelling, while others conceal their nests among the rushes and flags of marshes and fresh water pools, where they often float upon the surface of the water. In constructing their nests, some act the *mason*, some the *carpenter*, some the *weaver*, and some the *tailor*. The cliff swallow is among the most skillful of the first class. It “conceals its warm and feathered nest in a receptacle of agglutinated mud, resembling a narrow-necked purse, or retort.” The nests of the barn swallow, martin, and pheebe, are examples of ornithal masonry familiar to all. The crow works after but one “order” of architecture, and that is the *log-cabin order*, of which he gives but a rude specimen. He is but a poor carpenter at the best. The woodpecker far exceeds him both in industry and skill. The latter often provides a place for its nest by gouging out a spacious apartment in solid wood, with no other instrument than his wedge-shaped bill. The chimney swallow combines the mason and the carpenter. But the most skillful artisans are found among the weavers and tailors. Who has not admired the beautiful nest of the Baltimore oriole, or hang-bird, suspended from the depending boughs of the elm, or willow? Still more ingeniously constructed is the nest of the orchard oriole. This is composed chiefly of a species of tough grass, “formed into a sort of plaited purse, but little inferior to a course straw bonnet. The artificial labor bestowed is so apparent, that Wilson humorously adds, that on showing it to a matron of his acquaintance, betwixt joke and earnest, she asked if he thought it could not be taught to darn stockings.” The nests so highly prized by the Chinese for *soups*, are woven of gelatinous fibres, the material for which is provided by the mouth and stomach. Of the *tailor birds*, the *Sylvia sutoria* of India, and a species of the same genus found in Italy, are the most remarkable. The former prepares a receptacle for its nest by sewing together, with thread, or fibres of bark, the edges of several leaves at the end of some pendulous branch, where its eggs and young are safe from the voracity of the serpents and apes. According to Kirby, the *Sylvia* of Italy unites the leaves of the sedges, or reeds, by real *stitches*. In the edge of each leaf, she makes, probably with her beak, minute apertures, through which she contrives to pass one or more cords formed of spider's web. These threads are not very long, but are

often knotted, and in some places divide into two or three branches.

The nest is generally built by the female. In some species the male assists; and in the case of the most common species of wren, (*Troglodytes fulvus*), the latter often completes his habitation even before he has selected his mate.

Some birds lay but a single egg in a season—others fifty or more; indeed, the most common species of our domestic poultry, “those victims,” as Buffon remarks, “which are multiplied without trouble, and sacrificed without regret,” often furnish us with several hundred in a year. The period of incubation varies from ten to between thirty and forty days. During this time, and while the young need their protecting care, most birds seem, in a great measure, to lose their natural shyness. The murre allows itself to be seized by the hand, or killed on the spot, rather than forsake its eggs or young. The ostrich, however, is said to be an exception; and it is supposed that reference is made to this fact in the passage in Job, which states that “she leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers.” But with all birds,

“The young dismissed, to wander earth or air,  
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care.”

And here must end our brief remarks upon this subject, to give room for a few—and our limits require that they should be very few—upon

#### MIGRATION.

But few birds spend their summer and winter months in the same place. Most prefer a more northern climate in summer than in winter. Change of temperature, however, is not the only cause that impels birds to change their place of residence. Some perform long journeys in quest of food, and others, far remote from their ordinary place of residence, seek a place of safety for rearing their young. In their modes and habits of traveling, they present a great diversity. Most perform their journey through the air, some in part upon land, and some almost entirely upon the water. Some,

“Ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
—and set forth

Their airy caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing,  
Easing their flight,”

pursuing their course with an order and precision truly surprising; while others dash along in utter confusion. Some collect in countless numbers, others pursue their journey alone. Some travel by day, some by night, and others both by day and night. Some, by long and toilsome flights, accomplish their journey in a few days, rarely stopping for food or rest; while others loiter by the way for months, regaling themselves upon the abundant supply of food which He who “feedeth them” has provided for their accommodation. The almost unerring certainty with which birds accomplish



this part of their destiny, is well calculated to excite our admiration. But

"Who bade them thus, Columbus-like, explore  
Heavens not their own, and worlds unknown before?  
Who calls the council, states the certain day—  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points out the way?"

He who made them to show forth his praise; for by his "wisdom" alone "they stretch their wings toward the south."

#### POWERS OF IMITATION.

The facility with which several species of birds imitate sounds was noticed when speaking of their voice; and examples will be given when describing the species there referred to. "The imitative actions and passiveness of some small birds," says Nuttall, "such as goldfinches, linnets, and canaries, are, however, quite as curious as their expression of sound. A *Sieur Roman* exhibited in England some of these birds, one of which simulated death, and was held up by the tail or claw without showing any active signs of life. A second balanced itself on the head, with its claws in the air. A third imitated a milk-maid going to market, with pails on its shoulders. A fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out at a window. A fifth acted the soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel. The sixth was a cannonier, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and with a match in its claw discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if wounded, was wheeled in a little barrow, as it were, to the hospital, after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of wind-mill; and the last bird stood amidst a discharge of small fireworks, without showing any sign of fear."

A similar exhibition, according to the same author, in which twenty-four canary birds were the actors, was also shown in London in 1820, by a Frenchman named Dujou. One of these suffered itself to be shot at, and, falling down, as if dead, was put into a little wheelbarrow and conveyed away by one of its comrades.

#### OUR ACTIONS.

THE only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison, they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them *alone*, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious; these are the only *title-deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when every thing else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and sateless destroyers of all *other things*—Time—and Death.

Original.

#### SCENES AT SEA.

ON a charming autumnal morning, in company with an aged mother, on a visit to the land of her fathers, I placed my foot on the deck of a splendid New York packet ship bound for the Old World. The first evening on ship-board can never be erased from memory. The sky was cloudless and serene—the setting sun had left a mellow tinge over the receding coast—the images of a thousand stars reflected from the surface of the sleeping deep, while the mantle of night spread a pensive but pleasant gloom around us. Alone, on the star-board quarter, till the midnight hour had passed, I remained with my eyes immovably fixed upon the Sandy Hook light-house till its last lingering ray fell upon my vision; then I felt that I was on the sea, the deep blue sea, but still under the protection of Him who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span. How numerous and how thrilling the reflections awakened in the imagination by a luminous point, which, in the darkness of the night, appears at intervals above the agitated waves that lave the shores of home.

The pleasant weather and the smooth sea were not of long continuance. A calm, however agreeable for a short time, soon becomes tiresome. Anxiety to reach the port of destination overcomes the love of ease and the fear of danger. Before sunset, the third day out, all hands at work, adjusting the ropes, spars, and other fixings of the ship, the playful gambols of the porpoises around us, and the dark heavy clouds floating in the atmosphere, portended the approaching blow. With the wind came on an unusual roll of the ship; and its constant companion, to a landsman, sea-sickness, seized upon me, producing sensations altogether indescribable, and equally unpleasant. If I stood still, it seemed an incubus was upon me—if I moved, I was in danger of measuring my length upon the deck—if I cast my eye on the agitated ocean, it appeared as if all the apothecary shops in the world had cast their ipecac upon its heaving surges. Matters growing worse and worse on deck, after a desperate effort I got below. But our pleasant cabin was now a vast hospital, cooks, waiters, and stewards, acting the physician, attending and administering with all the kindness of the most skillful sons of the healing art. "Drink a little more—let it have its way—all over by and by—try to sleep, and be composed," were their most common prescriptions, and, if followed, would prove the most efficacious. Under their kind and skillful treatment, the war of the elements having ceased, health was soon restored. Sea-sickness always proves a blessing in disguise—an evil that good may come. It has no remedy but patient endurance and heart-felt cheerfulness.

#### A WRECK.

At an unexpected moment, while comfortably seated in the cabin, a seaman's voice from the maintop, "a wreck to windward!" fell like lead upon my ears, producing a train of emotions that words cannot describe. On board all was excitement. I knew not where to

look, or what to do. A ship in distress on the wide ocean! What feeling in the heart could remain untouched amidst the scene! Our noble vessel seemed in agony as she dashed wildly through the mountain waves to lend deliverance to suffering humanity. Our worthy officers, and their efficient crew, exerted every nerve to relieve, if possible, the distressed. In a few minutes we were close on to the wreck. It was the shattered hull of a brig, water-logged, and abandoned. I gazed upon it, tossing heavily upon the tumultuous deep, with painful and thrilling interest. It was a melancholy sight, and it has left an imperishable and mournful recollection upon the soul. Her masts shattered—her helm lashed—her rigging torn, and her deck swept clear—not a trace was left by which any information concerning her could be obtained. She had evidently drifted for several days. But the waves that broke over her, and the water that gushed in and out of her hatches, indicated that her ill-fated hull would soon sink. What became of the poor crew, when the wreck-making billow came over them, is left for conjecture. They may have been rescued, or they may have gone down amidst the howling of the tempest. All we can say is, she left port, encountered a storm, and was lost. How many are the perils of the sea, and the dangers of those that go in ships, and dwell upon the great waters!

Kind reader, we have left our moorings—our all-important voyage on the sea of time is progressing. Have we a safe conveyance? Are we guided by the chart and compass of the Gospel? Have we Jesus with us in the ship? If we are safe, and our prospects fair, we may behold, on the tempestuous ocean of time, while our sheet anchor is Christ, and our destination the realm of endless glory, innumerable moral shipwrecks, and souls perishing—immortal hopes destroyed. Signals of distress are waving over a lost world—agonizing cries for deliverance, in one accumulated wail, come upon us from millions of undying souls. Shall we, with pious zeal, and holy haste, man the Gospel ship, and send the life-boat of mercy to their rescue? Let our influence, our prayers, and our efforts swell the spreading sails of the Gospel ship, that speedily she may find her way to every clime, and give salvation to a perishing world.

#### A STORM.

During a few days, favored with a fair wind, sailing under close-reefed topsails, we made rapid headway, expecting shortly to gaze upon the green hills of the Emerald isle, and the lofty mountains of Wales. But ere this pleasing sight could be realized, we had to experience a severe gale. How often are human hopes fallacious, and our most cherished expectations sadly disappointed. A storm at sea has been often described; but fully to realize its awful grandeur, and sublime terrors, we must hear the howling tempest, see the tremendous swells, and feel the dashing spray. The wind roared fiercely, and the rain fell in torrents—the passengers, with few exceptions, were below—every thing appeared in the habiliments of gloom and sadness.

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The peremptory commands of the officers, and the prompt "ay, ay, sir!" of the faithful sailors, soon brought our gallant ship to "scud under bare poles." But before this necessary preparation for a "blow" was through, some of the sails were torn in ribbons, and several of the spars riven, by the resistless storm. A steady hand was placed at the helm—every tar stood at his post, ready and willing to do his duty. The ship, tossed like a feather, dashed fearlessly through the foam-encrested water. While the storm was raging, and the waves, mountain high, were rolling, numerous sea birds could be seen, poised on the tip of the spray, or sailing in the clouds. How homeless and desolate, under such circumstances, the appearance of these lone dwellers upon the deep! To greet their flight, and for a moment to follow their rapid wing over the restless deep, was a sight of abiding and pathetic interest. Surely, if God watched over these frail wanderers, amidst the raging tempest, how great the security of man, the master-piece of creation! The special providence of God—unwavering reliance upon his almighty arm—was a stronghold—a place of perfect peace, when surrounded by the perils of the ocean. The thick darkness of the night that succeeded this tempestuous day, occasionally illumined by the lurid glare of the lightning's flash—the phosphorescent gleam of the troubled ocean, lashed into fury by the increasing gale, greatly magnified the sublimity of the storm. It was a sleepless and solemn night—two hundred souls on board—our frail bark struggling with the mighty ocean in its untried strength. The parting of a rope—the failure of a bolt—the springing of a timber, may let in the waters, and all is gone. Our track was over our grave, and at any moment we were all liable to sink into it, without a coffin or a shroud—the deep wide ocean grave yawned beneath ready to receive us. Though the sea wrought, and was tempestuous, and deep called unto deep, all was well—in the hand of Omnipotence we were safe. Such a tempest, and perfect security amidst all its appalling dangers, impress upon the mind the power and goodness of Jehovah in their fairest lustre and brightest glory. Dreadful must be the insensibility and ingratitude of the heart that would not most humbly acknowledge, and devoutly adore that Being whose invisible but omnipotent hand guided our frail vessel in safety, and at whose word

"The gamboling storm  
Came crouching at his feet."

#### DEATH ON BOARD.

No sooner had the wind abated, the waves yet rolling tremendously, than we were called to witness a funeral. The insatiate archer, waiting only for the nod of Omnipotence, lodged his arrow in the heart of an only son of his mother, and she was a widow. The corpse was neatly clad in the usual habiliments of a watery grave, wrapped in sail-cloth, with a weight at the feet. It was borne aloft by two sailors, laid on a board on the larboard bulwark, and after appropriate religious exercise, was cast into the unfathomed depths of the ocean grave, to rest till the clangor of the arch-



angel's trump shall bid the earth and sea give up their dead. As the body fell, a few bubbles arose, but as quickly for ever fled, leaving no trace, no fond memorial to designate the place of sepulchre:

"But the sea-bird's wail, and the stormy gale,  
And the roar of ocean wave,  
Sang deep and long the funeral song,  
O'er the infant's trackless grave."

The burial was a solemn and affecting scene; but, alas! how soon did mirth and thoughtlessness succeed. The human heart is the same on sea as on land. The impression, produced by the late terrific tempest and the death on board, resembled the snow-flake falling upon the flinty rock—it passed away, and no mark was left.

On the twentieth day out, our noble ship was introduced into her transatlantic home, in the "Prince's Dock, Liverpool." Thus safely moored, our perils o'er, the scene irresistibly led my mind to contemplate the triumphant landing of the Christian voyager on the shores of blissful immortality. On our left was moored an East Indiaman, just arrived—her bulwarks stove—her masts in shivers—her sails and rigging rent in fragments. She barely made her port. Christian friend, how shall our voyage on life's tempestuous ocean end? Shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? Or will you, as by fire, make the heavenly port? Now spread your canvass, and catch the celestial breeze—aim at high attainments in usefulness and holiness. Then, in full trim, will you bid farewell to the shores of time; and amidst the bursting halleluiahs of the ransomed hosts that have crossed the flood and gone before, will you, first in song, and nearest the throne for ever dwell.

"Then firmly let us grasp the helm,  
Though loud the billows roar;  
And soon, our toils and dangers past,  
Our anchor we shall safely cast,  
On Canaan's happy shore."

B. W. C.

Original.

## TO A CLOUD.

CLOUD! that careerest through the trackless air,  
How dark and all-mysterious art thou!  
Thy very lightnings, with their vivid glare,  
Deepen the gloom that rests upon thy brow.

Who can reveal the secrets of thy womb—  
Who tell what thunders in thy bosom sleep—  
And who the forms that thou wilt yet assume,  
As, changing still, thou cleav'st the airy deep?

E'en Fancy's self, grown weary in the flight,  
That boldly would thy mysteries unfold,  
Furls its tired wing, and like a bird at night,  
Sinks down to rest—thy secrets still untold.

We hear thy thunders bursting from afar,  
And see, athwart thy breast, thy lightning's gleam;  
And then, we deem the elements at war,  
But *gore* and *death* are wanting to the dream.

Anon, we call thee, as thou fliest on,  
*Sailor of upper deeps, and ship of heaven;*  
But the resemblance holds in this alone,  
That thou by winds invisible art driven.

Roll on, dark cloud, thy destiny fulfill,  
No finite power thy onward flight can stay;  
Tis God alone can scatter thee at will,  
Or by his counsel guide thee on thy way.

M.

Original.

## ON HOPE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

ANGELIC beam! thou cheer'st the heart  
With radiance, heaven-born and divine;  
O, cling to me! let us not part;  
But closer let thy tendrils twine  
Around me—let them, clust'ring, cling,  
To strengthen, 'mid the storms of life;  
And round me may thy golden wing  
Be spread, in nature's dying strife!  
Bereft of thee, each scene would fade—  
Life's pathway then would cheerless be—  
Its brightest sunshine turn to shade—  
To billows change my smoothest sea.  
Dark blighting cares would fill the breast,  
Smiles ne'er would lighten up the eye,  
Nought check fierce passion's stern control.  
Our cherish'd wish would be to die—  
To pass from this cold clime away,  
And leave each dark deserted scene,  
To wake in an unclouded day,  
And view again its smile serene.  
Hope, that *blest* feeling, gift divine,  
A precious gem to mortals giv'n;  
It radiant in God's courts shall shine,  
Undimm'd amid the joys of heaven.

## HYMN.

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm and guides the ship—  
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep.

Though the shore we hope to land on,  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone.

Render'd safe by his protection,  
We shall pass the wat'ry waste—  
Trusting to his wise direction,  
We shall gain the port at last!

O, what pleasures there await us!  
There the tempests cease to roar;  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more.

Original.

## A CHAPTER ON COMETS.

BY J. S. TOMLINSON.

I AM satisfied that an article on the subject indicated by the above caption, would not be uninteresting to the readers of the Repository at any time, and especially at *this* time, when the approach of one of these celestial visitants is frequently adverted to in the public journals, and in the social circle. The one to which I refer is called Encke's Comet, from the name of the philosopher by whom its periodical time, or the date of its re-appearance was accurately determined. In the year 1819 he made such observations upon it as led him to predict that its re-appearance would be at intervals of three years and three months; and from that time to the present, the correctness of his prediction has been most surprisingly verified, thus adding another trophy to the wonderful achievements of mathematical science. It is proper to observe, in general, before we proceed, that the path of a comet is a very long, narrow ellipse, or oval, and that the sun is within this path, and very near to one extremity of it; and when the comet is in that part of its path nearest the sun, it is said to be in its *perihelion*; and it is only when a comet is *in* or *near* its perihelion that it is visible to the inhabitants of the earth. In the other parts of its orbit it is so remote from the earth, and is so diminished in its splendor, by its increasing distance from the sun, as to be imperceptible by the most powerful telescopes that have ever been invented. Whenever, therefore, a comet is visible to us, by any means, we may certainly conclude that it has re-visited its perihelion, or is in the neighborhood of it.

During the present visit of Encke's Comet, the time of its setting has been so near that of the sun, that, as yet, it has not been visible after nightfall. It has, nevertheless, been very distinctly seen in the day time with the assistance of glasses of considerable power; so much so as to enable astronomers to assign its position among the fixed stars with great precision. But before it leaves us again for its long and dreary journey, we may possibly have the pleasure of beholding it while the sun is below the horizon.

It is estimated by some of the most distinguished philosophers, that there are no less than five hundred comets belonging to the solar system; but so great is the difficulty of obtaining, by observation, the requisite elements, that the periodical times of only three, or, at most, four out of this number have been satisfactorily established; namely, Halley's, Encke's, Biela's, and the great comet of 1680, as it is usually called, by way of eminence. A few remarks upon each of these, with the exception of the one already considered, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

A comet appeared in the year 1682, upon which the celebrated Dr. Halley bestowed very particular attention; and by a careful comparison of his own observations upon it with those of Kepler upon the comet of

1607, and those of Apian upon a comet of 1531, he became convinced that they were identical, and not different bodies, as had been supposed. And so fully persuaded was he of their identity, that he unhesitatingly predicted that, after the lapse of the same interval, (that is, about seventy-six years,) it would make its appearance again. And, sure enough, in the latter part of the year 1758, it returned to its perihelion, corresponding so strikingly with the Doctor's recorded description of it, as to satisfy the most sceptical, that they were one and the same. The question was regarded as so entirely settled, that the men of that generation proceeded, as a matter of course, to fix the time of its return for 1835. And, to the honor of science be it spoken, in August of that year, as many of us cannot fail to recollect, it greeted our world with a passing recognition. And when the reader and the writer shall be sleeping in their graves, it will have accomplished its mighty circuit again, and from its lofty position in the skies will look down upon our children, and our children's children; and Heaven grant that it may behold them wiser, and better, and happier than their predecessors!

So great is the eccentricity of the orbit of this comet, that while its least distance from the sun is only about sixty millions of miles, (considerably less than that of the earth from the sun,) its greatest distance is almost twice that of the Georgium Sidus, being largely upwards of three thousand millions of miles. The principle by which this fact is determined it is not necessary here to explain. Suffice to say, that the result is based upon mathematical processes, of the most rigid and unquestionable character, as every one that has gone thoroughly into the study of astronomy very well knows. And here I would remark, by the way, that there is a popular mode, and a scientific mode of pursuing this noble study. The former embraces what may be called *descriptive* astronomy, and consists of but little more than merely reciting or narrating the facts of the science; whereas, the latter goes into an analytical investigation of the causes or reasons of these facts, and is called, by way of distinction, *physical* astronomy. It is not every alledged study of astronomy that is entitled to the name. To have an intelligent, comprehensive view of the subject, the mind must be deeply imbued with almost the entire range of pure and mixed mathematics. Nevertheless, without this, much, very much may be acquired that will be highly entertaining and valuable; especially in elevating and expanding our conceptions of the wisdom, power, and benevolence of God.

But to return. Of the four comets whose periodical revolutions have been ascertained, Biela's is the third one included in our enumeration, in regard to which I will only remark, that it was so called from a Bohemian astronomer of that name, in honor of his having discovered the time in which it passes through its orbit, which is six years and about two hundred and seventy days.

By far the most interesting of all this class of heav-



only bodies, is that which is emphatically called the great comet of 1680. It is supposed, and, indeed, it can hardly be doubted, but that this was the same comet that appeared in the time of Henry the First, of England, in the year 1106, in the year 531, and also in the year 44 before Christ; making its periodical time so enormously great as 575½ years. It is a remarkable fact, that if we take this period and count back seven times from the year 1680, we shall arrive at the year of the world 1656, the very year, according to the most approved chronology, in which the general deluge happened. And hence it is conjectured by many, that this comet had a vast influence in bringing about that terrible catastrophe. By some it is thought that, in passing, it struck the earth, and turned it out of its original position, causing a reflux of the waters of the oceans, and a consequent submergence of the dry land, and the drowning of its inhabitants. By others it is thought that the luminous trains of the comets consist, in part at least, of watery vapor; and it is known by calculation that these trains are millions of miles in breadth as well as in length. Now it is not unplausibly imagined that the earth, at a great distance from the *body* or *nucleus* of the comet, passed through *this luminous train*, and that the watery vapor, which it held in solution, was condensed by the inferior temperature of the earth, and in such quantities as were sufficient to bury the earth to the depth represented in the sacred Volume. Notwithstanding the immense velocity of this comet, yet, from the great extent of its train, both in length and breadth, we may readily suppose that it would take the earth several days to pass through it—even as much as “forty days and forty nights.” But I will not dwell on these opinions, much less will I avow my belief in either of them. I merely mention them, *en passant*, for the reflection of the reader. I must be allowed to add, however, that if, as seems to be the fact, this comet *did* appear at the time of the general deluge, it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that, *in some way*, it had a very important and powerful influence in bringing about that awfully punitive dispensation of divine Providence.

When the comet, of which we are now speaking, was in its perihelion, so great was its approximation to the sun, that it was only about 120,000 miles from his surface. And it is affirmed by Sir Isaac Newton—and the affirmation is susceptible of the most satisfactory proof—that while in that situation, its heat must have been so intense as to have been 2000 times as hot as red hot iron. And hence it is very properly concluded, that unless it is composed of exceedingly dense and refractory materials, it would not only have been fused, but literally evaporated. So that the supposition formerly entertained that the comets were nothing but mere *congeries* of vapors, must be altogether unfounded. If the *aphelion* distance of Halley’s comet overpowers the imagination, what must be the effect of contemplating the distance traveled by *this* comet to reach the utmost limit of its trajectory? By the application of the same unerring principle before adverted to, it is demonstrable, yea, *demonstrated*, that when this comet is in its

aphelion, it is no less than twelve thousand millions of miles from the sun; that is to say, about seven times the distance of the Georgian planet. And great as these numbers are, we have a very imperfect conception of their magnitude from simply hearing them announced. The number last mentioned is so great, that if a man could live so long, it would take him more than four hundred years to count it, supposing him to count twelve hours each day, and at the rate of a hundred in a minute. This comet will not appear again until the year 2255.

I am fully aware that to those who believe the earth to be a vast extended plain, immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars to be comparatively small bodies, revolving about it every twenty-four hours—I am aware that to such persons all we have said about the comets would appear quite visionary, incredible, and absurd, and that they would be inclined to place these statements in the same category with “stories about giants fifty yards high, or those rabbinical legends about leviathan, in which they alledge that every day he swallows a fish three miles long, and is thereby preparing himself to become the food and entertainment of the blessed at the great feast of paradise.” I trust, however, that the Repository has but few, if any readers, who have profited so little by the lights of modern times, as not to be willing to *credit*, even if they do not comprehend, those sublime truths by which astronomical science is now enriched. If you tell these people that the works of God are so extensive and magnificent, that if the earth were struck from the map of the universe, its loss would be no greater, comparatively speaking, than the loss of a single leaf from a forest of ten miles square, they would look at you with mingled amazement and pity, as one that was utterly reckless of either truth or probability. And yet, maugre all their incredulity, pity, and amazement, such an assertion would be incontestably true, unless the entire science of number and quantity deserves to be scouted as an idle dream. To go minutely into the reasons corroborative of such a statement as this, would lead us too far from the subject more immediately in hand. Suffice it to observe, that there is, in the mind of every astronomer, the most ample proof that the sun is a million times as large as the earth, and that there are, in the regions of space, and *visible to us*, myriads of millions of bodies, at least equal, and probably far superior in magnitude to the glorious luminary which constitutes the centre of our system.

Various hypotheses have been and are entertained as to the purposes for which the comets were intended in the mechanism of the universe; for we cannot doubt for a moment but that some wise and beneficent design was contemplated in their creation. God has made nothing in vain. To our limited intellectual vision many things may appear to be useless and even injurious in the great frame of nature. But to Him whose broad and all-pervading eye takes a connected survey of the whole, and sees the end from the begin-

ning—to him any thing that he has made is doubtless operating in such a manner as faithfully to contribute its part in working out the eternal but unfathomable purposes of infinite wisdom. Of course we are now understood to be speaking of inanimate existences. Many of those who believe with Newton that the sun is an immense globe of fire, placed in the midst of our system, solely for the purpose of keeping the planets in their orbits, and supplying them with light and heat, are of the opinion that the comets were intended as fuel for the sun, to supply the waste that results from its constant radiation of light and caloric, and that these bodies will be successively drawn into the sun for this purpose as they come to their perihelia. It is supposed that when the comet of 1680 was last at its perihelion, it was within the sun's atmosphere, and must have had its centrifugal force considerably diminished; and that, at every subsequent return, this diminution will be going on, until, ultimately, the centripetal force will so far predominate as to cause its inevitable absorption by the sun. The theory of Dr. Herschell, that the sun is not a ball of fire, but an opaque, inhabitable body, surrounded by luminous phosphorescent clouds, militates strongly against this supposition. And I think it cannot be questioned but that the evidence in favor of Herschell's theory is decidedly preponderant. Even admitting that, by passing through a portion of the sun's atmosphere, its velocity is retarded, as suggested, this effect may be counteracted, and more than counteracted by the accelerative influence of some of the superior planets near which it may and probably does pass in some of its revolutions. And, moreover, it has been shown by experiments on light by Dr. Priestley and others, that the whole quantity of luminous matter that would be thrown off by the sun in the course of six thousand years would, so to speak, be next to nothing. It is, nevertheless, *possibly* true, even according to Herschell's theory, that the comets may, from age to age, become united with, and converted into the luminous matter by which the body of the sun is enveloped.

It is generally admitted that the comets are highly electrical bodies, and that the luminous trains by which they are generally accompanied, are composed *mainly* of streams of electricity, which they are caused to give out by induction, when in proximity with the sun. And, indeed, these beautiful sectoral, or fan-like trains may be strikingly imitated with the electric machine, by holding a metallic rod towards the rubber of the machine, when negatively electrified, performing the experiment in the dark; or still more strikingly, by having a large glass tube with a metallic rod in one end of it, and presenting the rod to the prime conductor of the machine when in operation. In that case there will emanate from the interior extremity of the rod, and fill the cavity of the tube, a brilliant pencil of rays impressively analogous to the train of a comet. But without having recourse to any such analogies, comets have been known to exert an electric, or rather an *electro-magnetic* influence upon terrestrial bodies,

particularly the magnetic needle. During the presence of Halley's comet in 1835, the north pole of the needle of our college compass was elevated about five degrees above the horizontal level, and others in the vicinity were affected exactly in the same way. And from the position of the comet, and the return of the needle to its horizontal position after the departure of the comet, I had no doubt but *it* was the cause of the disturbance referred to. And I would here ask, may not the comets be the great purveyors of the electric fluid to the various parts of the solar system, to replace what may, from time to time, be lost from the planets by its passing into space—a vacuum being a good conductor of electricity? Or may they not be designed to operate in some way in preserving the equilibrium of the electric fluid throughout the universe?—a fluid which very probably has far more important agencies throughout the wide range of animate and inanimate existence, than we can now possibly conceive. The last appearance of Biela's comet was in 1832, about contemporaneously with the breaking out of Asiatic cholera in this country; and who can say that it did not exert such an influence upon the electricity of our planet, as to bring about those terrible consequences which many of us well remember, and most bitterly deplore? And yet, such evils may be only incidental, and by no means to be compared with the general good that they are instrumental in accomplishing. I will only add on this point, that many eminent medical men were disposed to ascribe that horrible scourge to cometary influence. And may we not suppose that the ever memorable *shower of meteors*, which afterwards occurred, was only the breaking up of that peculiar electric state of the atmosphere which had been the source of so much mischief?

"I suspect," says Sir Isaac Newton, "that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets."

I will close this article with a notice of only one more opinion in regard to the nature and purposes of comets. There are some who believe, or at any rate, have believed, that they were once planetary orbs like our earth, and that their inhabitants having served out their probation, the good were translated to other and far more blissful abodes, and that the incorrigibly wicked were left upon them, and that they were, by some means, struck from their accustomed orbits, and by their approximation to the sun, were set on fire, and will for ever continue to be the punitive abodes of the wretched inhabitants that were left upon them. This idea will be found in Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and whether it is to be regarded as his sober belief, or a mere poetic fancy, we have no means of determining. A similar idea (at least so far as relates to the original nature of the comets, and how and why they were brought into their present condition) is conveyed by the Ettrick Shepherd in his "*Pilgrims of the Sun*." And though I make no pretensions to great critical acumen in compositions of this sort, yet I will venture



the opinion, that the passage in which this sentiment occurs, is one of the finest and most magnificent that ever emanated from the human mind. And having given this passage, I will, for the present at least, take my leave of the subject now under consideration. The lines to which I refer may be found in Part Second of that poem, and reads thus:

"I can remember well  
When yon\* was such a world as that you left;  
A nursery of intellect for those  
Where matter lives not. Like these other worlds,  
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung  
With wide and rapid motion. But the time  
That God ordained for its existence ran.  
Its uses in that beautiful creation,  
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more!  
The saints and angels knew of it, and came  
In radiant files, with awful reverence,  
Unto the verge of heaven, where we now stand,  
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.  
Think of the impetus that urges on  
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.  
Just in the middle of its swift career,  
Th' Almighty snap the golden cord in twain  
That hung it to the heaven. Creation sobbed!  
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills  
Of these celestial regions. Down amain  
Into the void the outcast world descended,  
Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas  
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried  
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops,  
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,  
And clattered down the steepes of night for ever.  
Away into the sunless, starless void,  
Rushed the abandoned world; and thro' its caves,  
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.  
The realms of night were troubled; for the stillness  
Which there from all eternity had reigned,  
Was rudely discomposed; and moaning sounds,  
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar,  
By darkling spirits! Still, with stayless force,  
For years and ages, down the wastes of night  
Rolled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas  
And superficies disencumbered.  
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed  
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur  
Were blown into a flame—when, meteor-like,  
Bursting away upon an arching track,  
Wide as the universe, again it scaled  
The dusky regions. Long the heavenly hosts  
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it,  
Save as an instance of Almighty power;  
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,  
When, far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw  
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear—  
Showering thin flame and shining vapor forth  
O'er half the breadth of heaven! The angels paused;  
And all the nations trembled at the view.  
The time will come, when, in likewise, the earth  
Shall be cut off from God's fair universe—  
Its end fulfilled; but when that time shall be,  
From man, from saint, and angel, is concealed."

It will be seen that my own opinions, as far as they are indicated, are somewhat different from those embraced in the preceding paragraph. I was not willing, however, to forego the satisfaction of placing before the reader the almost inimitable passage just quoted. I would rather have the honor and the pleasure of having been the author of such a passage as that, than to

have been born to a thousand pounds a year. But there is an honor and a pleasure infinitely greater than that, and which, it is gratifying to know, we may all obtain without money and without price.

Augusta College, Ky., May, 1842.

#### IMMORTALITY.

To what untried scenes of future existence will man be introduced, when he shall see with other eyes, and hear with other ears, and perceive by other means than he knows at present, and be in company with beings of a celestial origin, who were never united to flesh and blood; flames of ethereal fire, pure and perfect intelligences, who never lost their primeval innocence; who were witnesses to the creation of numberless worlds, and the primary constitution of the laws of nature; who have studied with enlarged capacity the mysteries of matter and spirit, their union, nature, and operations! "At present we see but through a glass darkly." Obscurity and human ignorance draw an impenetrable curtain over the eternal state. Man is but in the infancy of his being, at the commencement of existence, a mere embryo, inclosed in the shell of a material body. When the vail of flesh is removed, and the bandage is taken from his eyes, he will be initiated into the sweets of a world purely intellectual, and, ever insatiate, will drink at the fountain of perfection and wisdom. Then will he learn intuitively, and rise by one progressive scale of knowledge, through eternity, surrounded by an interminable prospect of felicity.

In our present state of probation, there seems to be an innate desire of immortality incorporated in our very essence. "Nature's *first wish* is endless happiness; annihilation is an *after thought*." No man wishes to become extinct at the hour of death, until *guilt* has rendered immortality an object of his dread. If man be not immortal,

"Then whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?"

We are fired in the contemplation, to enjoy endless felicity. Hope cheers our prospects, and supports us amidst the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to." Music lends her enchanting voice, "sweet as celestial symphonies;" and in the raptures of a congregational hymn, we look forward with a prospect of celebrating the praises of Deity through an endless duration! Nature everywhere smiles! God is everywhere *good*. If he has manifested his eternal abhorrence of moral evil in many instances by the baneful operation of natural evil in the world, it was absolutely necessary. The moral perfection of his nature must make an immutable distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, or the interminable rectitude and happiness of his creatures could never be secured, nor the glory and perfection of his moral attributes be fully discovered. All things, therefore, are founded on general good, on the principles of unsullied rectitude, on a philanthropy which is immense, unconfined, and eternal.—*Imperial Magazine*.

\* Pointing to a comet.

Original.

## THE FAULTY MISTRESS.

"PATIENCE! patience!" said Mrs. Fretful to her husband; "it's intolerable. The girl has been moping about the kitchen six long hours, and not a thing is done. Don't talk to me about patience. I'll not try to be patient. I have more trouble than I can bear. All the lazy girls in town contrive to get upon my hands. They impose on my good nature. I'll not bear it. I'll—"

Here the wife's irascible volubility was interrupted by the house-bell. She smoothed down at once, and put on the air of a modest, kind lady. The poor girl who had been the theme of her discourse, escaped from her presence, and ran to answer the bell. I was ushered into the receiving room, and was joined in a few minutes by Mrs. Fretful and her husband. She, being my second cousin, and on terms of great intimacy, resumed her ill-humor as soon as she saw who I was, and, at my solicitation, gave me an account of her provocations and distresses. She concluded all by asking my advice. I promised to give it in the form of a letter, which, as its cautions may suit more ladies than one, is here spread before them.

Mrs. M. B. FRETFUL.—You complained the other day that you cannot, with your best efforts, succeed in pleasing and retaining your domestics. If you claim from them the amount of labor which seems to you equitable and just, you say they murmur, leave, go abroad and slander you. In these circumstances you ask advice. It shall be frankly given.

To secure the faithful service and good will of your domestics, you must, like the orator, pay regard to matter and manner. As to matter, you must

1. Require of them a *reasonable* service. On this point I believe you err. You expect too much of your girls. Of this there is conclusive testimony.

The day Mrs. Amadon spent at your house let her into the secret of your difficulties. You had often complained to her, and she was curious to learn, if possible, why your girls all quarrel with you. She tells me that about eight o'clock in the morning you sent Sally into the kitchen to wash up the dishes, set things to rights, and prepare dinner. In half an hour she heard you call Sally and send her over to Mrs. Gaffield's to invite her to tea. Sally was occupied half an hour in fixing her dress, doing the errand, unfixing again, and getting about her work, which she had but just done when you called her a second time, and sent her to the store for a tooth-brush. On her return, instead of being permitted to go to the kitchen, you took her into the flower-garden to water the roses and shrubbery. While there you broke a flower pot, and sent her to buy another. Then the poor girl had to procure some fresh dirt, and spend an hour more in fixing it to your liking.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and your girl had not yet got half an hour to herself in the kitchen. About one o'clock your husband came in for dinner, and in a few minutes I called and found you very an-

gry at Sally, insisting that she had been all the morning lounging about the kitchen, doing nothing, and when the dinner hour came there was nothing cooked. Now, my dear cousin, if you expect a girl to cut herself in two, and one half of her run all the morning on errands, while the other half dresses and cooks a good dinner, you must of course be disappointed. I advise you to give Sally another trial at the dinner before you turn her away, or call her lazy. Don't interrupt her about tooth-brushes, or flower pots, from nine o'clock till one, and see if she does not come out better.

Another thing to be mentioned under this head is the *wages* of your domestics.

A Christian woman like yourself should not be an "Egyptian task" mistress, either in regard to your servants' labor or its reward. I have touched upon the former. Now let us glance at the latter. How much do you give Sally? Mrs. Amadon understands that you pay her one dollar and a half. This might be tolerable wages, if paid bona fide, that is, in gold, or its equivalent. Even then, it would be low, as the average price of girl's labor is at least \$1.62½ per week. But it is said you pay her in *depreciated* currency; so that instead of \$1.50, the poor thing gets but \$1.35 per week. Now coz, that is not right. That same girl has always received high wages till she went to your house. You know she wished to live with you, not because she hadn't places enough with higher wages, but because she was a member of the same Church with yourself, and could see her minister now and then, and go to church. True, she has three or four hours each week for this last object, viz., afternoon and night preaching on the Sabbath, and one lecture each week. But would you lower her wages on this account? Think how much more time your other girls, especially that trifling chamber-maid, spends in vulgar amusement, night walking it sometimes to a late hour, and scarcely escaping imputations which would render her a reproach to your family. I cannot approve of this treatment of Sally in regard to her wages. You say she is satisfied. But *you* should not be satisfied. If she loves church and domestic religious privileges so well, as cheerfully to make this sacrifice to secure them, I beg you to consider how it looks for you, a Christian woman, to speculate on her religion.

I cannot, in one brief letter, dwell longer on the first point, and proceed to the second, namely, your manner. You know, cousin, that we may bestow favors in so ungracious a manner, as to chill the gratitude of the beneficiary. Of course, if we make reasonable demands on a servant, in a fretful or morose mood, we must expect that obedience will be rendered in the same spirit. And, as I love plain dealing, I shall, "without mincing," aver to you, that, in my opinion, this is your greatest misfortune. Your manner, whenever you address a servant, is *vulgar*. You never smile upon a domestic, however exemplary her deportment, or faithful her obedience. If she does bad you scold, and if she does well, you only scold a little less. I have often wondered why it is so, and have



been led to think it was a want of reflection—ignorance of the effect of your manner on those around you. Do you not perceive that ill-humor is contagious—that if you angrily demand labor it will be impatiently performed? A woman's philosophy is deep enough to comprehend this. You go to the kitchen with a cloud on your brow, and on entering it let out lightning and thunder. Under this guise of intemperate rage, can the domestics meet you with smiles? It would be folly to expect it. You must be a good natured wife if you would have a good natured husband. It is not less true that you must be a smiling mistress if you would have your maidens smile. If you were a servant, could you make up your temper to meet a petulant shrew with soft cadences and honeyed words? Not you. Now you must reflect, that the maid, as well as the mistress, is a woman. She has in her all your susceptibilities and humors, and they are liable to the same provocations in her as in you.

I would have you pay particular attention to your countenance. The phiz is talismanic. You say I don't believe in Mesmerism. That's right. But you believe that one's tears or smiles may set sympathy to work in those around. One sneeze in a company of twenty will provoke ten sneezes. I must tell you, cousin, that your face is particularly ugly under a cloud. It may be because it is so especially otherwise in sunshine. They told me when I was young that gravity didn't become me. I looked in the glass and found it was a fact. I then tried to smile; but I couldn't keep it up. My nature was to look sour, and I had just to give up to it. Yet it has destroyed all my popularity, and for ever will. But you are made on another scale. You *can* smile, and if you will just turn to the glass a few times, in the same fix as when you are saying to Sally, "There it is, as usual—the victuals all spoiled," I believe you will not assume another frown or scold another lesson till dooms-day. It will frighten you to see yourself.

Now let me say a word on another subject. You are a professor. For sixteen years you have been a member of the Church. Sally joined the Church six months ago, and is now warm in her first love. She went to live with you in preference to others, because she expected you to help her in religion. To her there was a charm in family prayer, and the devotional associations of a pious household. I ask you, now, whether your manners are such as will tend to confirm her faith, and lead her close to the Savior. You said the other day that you would rather have any sort of a girl than a Church member. I have heard others speak in the same rash manner. When things come to this point, there is great wrong somewhere. Either the mistress should accuse the maid, or the maid the mistress, and one or the other should be church'd forthwith. I advise you never to say this again. It is an imputation on Christ and his religion. Indeed, I would suggest whether your conscience does not convict you of this fact, namely, that Sally might with show of reason, go to Mrs. D., or Mrs. M., your greatest ene-

mies, and say, "Of all places on earth deliver me from the kitchen of a *pious woman*. I tried Mrs. G., a Universalist, Mrs. F., a Deist, and Mrs. S., a real Owenite—Fanny Wright woman, but Mrs. Fretful can outscold them all." It would be particularly mortifying to you, should such a representation be made abroad. If your girl keeps on in the good way, she may not say it for the sake of the Church. If she backslides, she will be apt to take this method to excuse her apostasy. If she should keep silent under the provocation which I know you have given her, it proves that the maid is more discreet than her mistress.

Now, cousin, I write thus plainly, not to provoke in you greater errors, but to cure existing faults. Let me be heard, and don't get angry. You know I am an old friend, as well as a tolerably old man. Should you take this kindly, I may write again; and believe me, that although I am a little rough in this epistle, I have for you the kindest feelings in the world. And if I have arrayed your vices before you in a bold and withering light, I have not forgotten your virtues. Those I inscribe, as you here behold, on paper; these I have written on my heart.

Your affectionate friend and cousin,

PAUL CENSOR.



PRAYING unto God without communion, is like talking to a man who neither gives an answer, nor a smile, nor yet a look. No persons find a heart to pray who feel no fellowship with God. Fain would we grow notable by doing; it suits our legal spirit; but we can only grow valiant and successful by believing. Believing is the Christian's trade and maintenance. By it he obtains pardon and holiness. Naked faith, or a whole and simple trust in Jesus, is the Gospel instrument which brings salvation. But though faith alone, apart from its fruit, is the saving instrument, yet it cannot be alone, or without its fruit, where it is saving faith, as St. James declares. Saving faith brings heavenly peace, purifies the heart, overcomes the world. If you are not a real subject of Jesus Christ, you must be a stranger to the blessings of his kingdom. The riches are not bestowed upon the outward court worshipers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent open for access, before you a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace. If Jesus Christ kept his court in your bosom, he would make peace there, for he is the prince of peace. Where he reigns, he commands peace. How can Jesus be your King, if he does not rule in your breast? How can you call Christ a Savior, if he does not save you from your sins? I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my king, to subdue my will, my tempers, my affections, by his Spirit. I must wholly trust in Jesus, as my priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his righteousness.—*Berridge's Christian World Unmasked.*

From the London Imperial Magazine.

### DIVINE PHILANTHROPY.

THE philanthropy of God is displayed in the extensive range through the fair fields of science in which the human mind may rove.

Here intelligence wanders from flower to flower, from tree to tree, from plant to plant, from grove to grove, from sea to sea, from shore to shore. Every vegetable, and mineral, and fossil, and atom, is fraught with wonders. Every particle of atmospheric air, every drop of water, in the ocean's bed, every hill and mountain, every spire of grass, and leaf of the trees, is full of the wonder-working hand of God. Every animal, insect, and quadruped, all animated existence, is full of God. Or, shall we leave the vernal scenery, pass the silver cloud, and soar beyond, where "Aurora sprinkles with rosy fingers the eastern sky;" and quitting this earthly ball, "shoot across the spheres beyond the comet's pathless track;" or visit our neighboring planets, whether near the source of central fire, or on the utmost verge of sol's wide domain; or leaving our system, and dart, on lightning's wing, from star to star, from system to system, from nebula to nebula, until poor Terra has sunk to an obscure spot, and at last our sun entirely disappears? Here the human mind may wander among lost star-beams, or plunge into unfathomable space; and, wrapped in silent astonishment, adore that supremely glorious Being, who is God over all, blessed for ever!

But let us confine our observations to those things that come more immediately under our observations. How is the philanthropy of God manifested in the formation of the human body; in its preservation, and in all the wonders of sensation! How well designed is every object around us to give pleasure to a rational mind! The senses of man connect him with the whole visible creation. The eye, finished internally and externally by the finger of God, in pleasing serenity surveys the distant landscape. Millions of rays of light fall every moment upon its minute retina, and paint earth's various scenes. But these are transcended in wonder by the phenomena of the human mind, which, being sensible of the existence of material objects, holds an incomprehensible connection with the whole visible creation.

Our perception and conception of objects are alike mysterious and wonderful. The most *plausible* theories of the greatest geniuses that have adorned our world, leave us in the dark. But although we cannot account *philosophically* for the *manner* of our perceptions, the mere savage must feel penetrated with pleasurable sensations, when the *grand spectacle of nature* falls on the organ of vision.

Every prospect is beautiful, sublime, and infinitely diversified. The towering mountain, the majestic precipice, the meandering river, the placid sky, the ruffled or unruffled elements; whether frowning in tremendous grandeur, or smiling in silent sunshine; all are blended with beauty and sublimity, and furnish occasions for so many sensations either of joy or pain. The chaste and softer forms of nature impart unmixed

delight! The *simple* elegance and *innate* beauty of the pink, the carnation, the tulip, the rose, the lily, the hyacinth, the ranunculus, and a thousand other of nature's beauties, give a secret charm that is irresistibly pleasing! The delicacy of their forms and tints vibrates on the fine, the attenuated, though unknown springs of our intellectual powers. In fact, whatever branch of nature's productions strikes the eye, whether the stately oak of the forest, or the spire of grass on earth's flowery carpet, all, all declare the goodness of God.

If we turn our attention to those classes of animated beings which soar in the air, their fine forms, and beautiful plumage, diversified with the richest colors, from the small humming-bird of the grove, to the golden eagle which soars towards the resplendent orb of day; from the charmingly formed pheasant of the wood, to the spangled peacock, that struts with conscious pride through the farm-yard, cannot fail to arrest our attention, and command our admiration. The violet, red, yellow, and golden dresses, with which nature has decorated their elegant bodies, both to temper the summer's blaze and winter's storms, must inspire the *most savage* breast with pleasurable sensations! Nature here, as everywhere, abounds with an endless variety. Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, have their peculiar birds, endued with a melody of voice, and clothed with an elegance of plumage, and an exuberance of glowing color, that bespeak the existence of a Being supremely wise, great, and good; but the pleasing sensations they excite in man, can only be fully known by a sight of their beauties, or by the hearing of their notes. The innate characteristics of beauty and perfection are so strongly interwoven in the works of nature, that man is fond of tracing her inimitable forms, and penciling her rarest flowers. The highest perfection of art is that which gives the strongest imitation of her fair productions, delicate tints, and pure expression. Man has only to copy her, to arrive at perfection. She has been his surest guide in all works of taste.

Her "rows of reverend elms," cedars, and poplars, suggested the first idea of the pure taste of Grecian architecture; and hence arose the fine orders of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. Hence the triumphal arches, vast colonnades, exuberant foliage, profuse beauties and sublimities, of the ancients, that have justly astonished succeeding generations, and that will remain monuments of perfection while sun and moon endure.

The embryo shell of the feathered choir, the globose drops of water, and the bells of flowers, are the standards of our most elegant porcelain forms, and other works of art; and we have only to modify and diversify *ad infinitum*, to perpetuate the beautiful.

Had the benevolent God given to man only the sense of seeing, the objects of perception would have furnished inexhaustible sources of delight. But he has increased his sensations by an addition of diversified organs. The ear, although internally situated, communicates with external objects. The air serves the triple



purpose of purifying the blood by the lungs, feeding the expiring flame of life, and of strangely communicating with the mind. By vibrating on the tympanum of the ear, millions of multiplied effects strike the soul, as an instrument ever tuned to catch its varied tones; whether occasioned by the gentle zephyr that steals softly on its trembling strings, the reverberating echo that rushes back from the winding caves, or the murmuring waters that whisper their soft soothing accents on the weary traveler's ear!

The trembling motion of the air, that gently brushes over a thousand fragrant sweets in nature's garden, regales our sense of smelling with an exhilarating effect, that beggars human language! O, how charming art thou, most bountiful nature! Shall I ever forget the smell of the cowslip, the primrose, the honeysuckle, or the wild rose—of the pink, the carnation, or the intoxicating pleasure of the night-violet? Shall I ever forget the paradisiacal effect produced on me by the combined fragrance of sweetbriar, of thyme, of jessamine, of a thousand mingled odoriferous perfumes drunk in from the pure source of nature's garden!

Shall I cease to remember the murmuring of distant waters, the falling cascade, the cooing of the turtle, the soft note of the cuckoo, the wild carol of the wood-lark, the mellifluous pipe of the blackbird, or the thrilling ecstasy of the nightingale? No, I shall not forget the artless concert of nature's full choir. The ecstatic swell of harmony poured from a thousand throats, the fragrant perfumes of a thousand sweets, must charm inevitably the *most savage* breast!

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame;  
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!"

How full the concert, how complete, how charming! every performer plays its part. Each pretty little songster is pleased with its own existence, with its mate, with surrounding nature, and praises the benevolent Author of all its blessings. And shall man, ungrateful man, refuse to render praise to that God who gave him life, and being, and immortality? J. P.

#### RELIGION.

Is there a spot on this broad earth,  
Can yield, without some base alloy—  
Except religion give it birth—  
One single gleam of real joy?  
Did e'er the city yield delight,  
Or give the anxious soul repose,  
Except religion shed its light,  
And pour'd its balm, to heal our woes?  
Or rural scenes e'er fill the heart,  
Or give the troubled conscience rest,  
Without religion to impart  
The consciousness of being blest?  
No, 'tis religion only can  
Assure the heart of sins forgiven,  
And show to dark bewildered man  
The path that leads from earth to heaven.

Original.

#### BE HOLY.

Be holy! let thy life proclaim  
Thy Master's character divine:  
Let ev'ry word and action prove  
The virtues which he taught are thine.  
Be holy! humble all thy pride,  
And choose the Savior for thy guide.  
Be holy! let each thought to him  
In sweet subjection humbly bow—  
Let passion bend at his command,  
And all thy life his praises show—  
Show that to man on earth is giv'n  
An earnest of the joys of heav'n.  
Be holy! 'tis thus man may rise  
To heights of bliss as yet unknown—  
Rise to angelic joys, and find  
A seat near the eternal throne.  
Be holy! and you shall receive  
All that the Father has to give.  
Be holy! 'tis the passport through  
The radiant portals of the sky.  
It on the soul shall then impress  
The stamp of immortality.  
Be holy! that will raise the clod  
To an alliance with its God.  
Be holy! let the soul assume  
The perfect likeness of its sire—  
Cast off its dross, and join the songs  
Which flow from the celestial choir.  
Be holy! and exultant spring  
To heav'n on hope's untiring wing.  
Be holy! and the dying strife  
Shall lose its terrors, and the eye  
Of faith shall gaze undazzled on  
Thy great reward, above the sky.  
Be holy! be for ever blest!  
Thus seek, thus find eternal rest.

WM. BAXTER.

#### TO A BRIDE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,  
Lady! of love's inconstancy beware;  
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care  
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:  
At every whisper of temptation, start;  
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air  
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,  
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,  
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,  
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,  
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,  
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,  
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

Original.  
LOQUACITY.

—  
BY BISHOP MORRIS.  
—

LOQUACITY, which, according to Walker, means "too much talk," is a fault as disagreeable as it is common. It is not restricted to either sex. The reader must not infer, because this brief article appears in the *Ladies' Repository*, that I judge women to be more faulty in this respect than men. In either it is unlovely, and when indulged to excess, becomes reprehensible in the estimation of all judicious people.

Loquacity is objectionable, because it savors of vanity. It indicates that the speaker wishes to bring himself into notice by a display of words; and, consequently, that he presumes much upon his own intelligence, and upon the ignorance of others, as if they knew nothing until he enlightened them. The talkative individual seems, also, to take it for granted, that his neighbors have leisure and patience to be lectured by the hour, on any subject which fancy, inclination, or accident may lead him to introduce. This is a great mistake in most cases. Such a character would do well to study the import of Solomon's maxim, "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words."

Again—loquacity is troublesome. It breaks in on the regular calling of all who have the misfortune to be assailed by it. Few things are more annoying to a man of business or a man of study, than to be frequently interrupted by the idle and loquacious. It embarrasses him in his necessary avocation, and of course chafes his feelings; and, unless he possesses uncommon forbearance, lays him under temptation to rudeness of manner. There are individuals in every extensive community who seem to have no employment but to talk. They are generally very willing souls to give direction concerning the business of others, while they neglect their own; for, as Solomon said, "every fool will be meddling." But they are as poor counselors as they are unpleasant companions. Let it not be supposed that talkative characters are peculiar to this age or country. Paul said, "There are many unruly and vain talkers, and deceivers, especially they of the circumcision, \* \* \* whose mouths must be stopped;" and he instructed Titus to "rebuke them sharply."

It is frequently observed, that they who talk most do it to least purpose. Public speakers, of a loquacious disposition, are generally diffusive; they often lack point, and obscure their arguments by a superabundance of words. If they be members of deliberative bodies, they are apt to become troublesome, lose their influence, and sometimes secure to themselves an unenviable notoriety. Such orators might profit by the advice of St. James, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

A loquacious disposition leads to many indiscretions, of which some examples may here be furnished. It influences confidentials to divulge secrets, betray confidence, and produce open ruptures between neighbors.

It leads families to discuss their private business in the presence of strangers, which is improper. It betrays many individuals into the very impertinent and annoying practice of catechising civil travelers as to their residence, destination, name, and business. This is an extremely rude practice. Loquacity interrupts the harmony of conversation; for a talkative individual will often break in upon another while speaking, which is embarrassing and uncourteous. It makes people appear self-important and unteachable. For example, when a minister of the Gospel calls on a talkative family, instead of being heard as their religious teacher, he is compelled to keep silence, and listen to their desultory harangues, perhaps all speaking at once, till his time and patience are exhausted, or retire abruptly. To visit such a family, except for the purpose of teaching them better manners, is a waste of time.

In some instances, loquacity is an infirmity of old age, and in others, of partial insanity, and in all such cases should be endured with patience. But in young and sane persons it is usually a defect of education, or of natural judgment, or both together. It leads some very young persons, like saucy children, to monopolize the time in conversation, to the exclusion of the aged and experienced. This is very indiscreet. Few things are more disgusting than the frivolous conversation of young people to each other in the presence of seniors. Well educated and sensible young people, of both sexes, always pay respect to strangers and seniors, however inferior their accomplishments may be; but the ignorant and talkative respect no one, and of course no person respects them. They are radically defective in sound understanding, and in civility, and therefore introduce their uncalled for questions and topics, without regard to circumstances.

A few individuals, of loquacious habits, are sufficient to cause general confusion in a large social company; because no one of them is willing to be a hearer—they all speak at once, which produces sound without sense, very much resembling the gabble of a large flock of geese. Hence it is that social parties seldom afford any instructive or profitable conversation, on subjects of general interest.

I have not the vanity to suppose that this short essay on loquacity will reform any confirmed talker; but it may possibly be the means of preventing some individuals from becoming such; and with that result I should not only be content, but feel amply rewarded for the labor of writing.

It is admitted that there is an opposite extreme to loquacity; that is, taciturnity, or habitual silence. This is also a fault to be guarded against. Very diffident and reserved persons, are most liable to fall into this error. Often, when a few words might be spoken to the edification of some individual, or company, they keep silence, from timidity, or disinclination to talk, and thereby lose an opportunity of doing good. Man is a social being. It is wisdom in all to cultivate social habits and feelings; and one of the best means of doing so, is a familiar, friendly conversation. When we



engage in social converse, it should be to instruct, impress, amuse, or gain information; and as some one of these objects may be effected with any civil companion, there is no necessity of confining our conversation to a few select friends. Extreme taciturnity is not profitable, or commendable. Still, I am of the opinion, that to say too little is a less fault than to say too much, and, indeed, that it is better to say nothing than to speak unadvisedly.

There is, between the two extremes of loquacity and taciturnity, a happy medium—that of speaking on a suitable subject, at the right time, and in a proper manner, so as to accomplish some good purpose. If all would endeavor to speak thus, much idle and unprofitable talk would be dispensed with. Fine colloquial powers are among the choicest accomplishments of human life. If properly employed, they may be rendered exceedingly entertaining and instructive. They afford their possessor ready and easy access to society, and great facilities in accomplishing any object for which he is dependent on the co-operation of others; provided, always, that they be not used too freely. To be able to say enough on all occasions, without saying too much, is a rare attainment. It is the perfection of human converse, which every individual should aim to approximate as far as practicable.



Original.

#### ON DILIGENCE.

It is natural to abhor a lazy being. Even the indolent detest in others what they indulge in themselves. We cannot tolerate a lazy brute. There are reasons for this spontaneous and almost universal hatred of idleness. What are they?

Idleness is the parent of ignorance. We know that knowledge is not acquired without labor. We are directed, therefore, to seek for wisdom as for hid treasure. The indolent, averse as they are from study, grow up with unfurnished minds, and when they come to years, are children in understanding. The imagination is always more or less active; for the soul, in some of its faculties, must exert its immortal energies. It must busy itself, whether we will or no. It cannot cease from efforts of some sort, either useful or injurious, good or evil. Not being directed to that which is profitable, it becomes a deformed spirit, destitute of the graces and accomplishments of science.

Idleness is the parent of wickedness. Virtue requires that we pursue some innocent end, as our own support, or that of a family, if circumstances require it; if not, then the good and happiness of our fellow men. The diligent are tempted by one, the indolent by a legion of devils. Temptations will generally multiply in proportion to the leisure which we indulge in. This is inevitable; for as the mind cannot be unoccupied, unless we employ it in the pursuits of virtue, it will set itself on plotting evil. Let us be always busy, then, in devising or executing some scheme of benevolence. Let us accustom ourselves to toil as a

preservative from temptation; for however severe may be the toil of our chosen vocation, it cannot be so irksome as resistance to pressing temptation, nor so painful as the consequences of yielding to its power. We should never forget that industry is a great help to virtue, and that its opposite is the patron of all vice.

Indolence drives us into evil company. The industrious will not assort with the idle. They cannot, without a change of habits; for they have not leisure. An idle person chooses not to be alone. He lothes his own company. And not being able to command the attentions of the diligent and the virtuous, he forms alliances with such, as like himself, have no business to employ them, and find time a heavy and intolerable burden.

Idleness brings want; not that every one must labor with the hands to procure the comforts of life, but he must employ himself some way. Even if born to a fortune, some degree of diligence will be requisite to preserve it. And he whom indolence renders poor is generally ripe for any wickedness. "I cannot dig," is his first resolve—"to beg I am ashamed," will be his second; next comes petty larceny, after that larger transgressions, and finally robbery, murder, and their sequences.

Laziness in woman is generally, if no worse, a guileful disposition. Not one time in a thousand will an indolent female be found a sincere, an honest woman. Amidst the dash and slop of a filthy kitchen, and a disordered drawing-room, you will find deceit and falsehood constant guests. Excuses as false as they are foolish will be attempted as soon as you enter her premises. And in efforts to blind you to her domestic faults, the idle woman often contracts the habit of deceiving, till it enters into all her conversation and behavior.

Industry rescues from many causes of uneasiness, saves from many hours of irksome reflection, hushes many turbulent passions, and guards against many destructive temptations. It tends to render us happy in ourselves, and useful to others, by relieving the necessities, teaching the ignorant, and assuaging the sorrows of the afflicted. The industry here spoken of regards our worldly avocations. Christian diligence is another thing. It is more noble in its aims, and is pressed upon us by higher and more solemn considerations. Its reward is supremely excellent and desirable, and to neglect it will bring upon us the greatest possible evil. If it be not unreasonable to labor for temporal good, how much more should we employ our energies to secure the approbation and smiles of God, the society of saints and angels, and an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! In this high and holy calling we are especially warned to be diligent. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Happy are they who trust in God, not with a passive but with an active faith—a faith which rouses to humble effort, and induces the soul to use all diligence to make its calling and election sure. H.

Original.  
MATERNAL LOVE.

BY DANIEL COFFMAN.

THERE are many things in this world to excite our admiration; yet amidst them all is there any thing to compare with that law in nature which binds the mother to her offspring?

My thoughts were directed to this subject by an engraving before me, which represents an infant cradled to sleep on its mother's arms. It is from a picture by Strange, and is allowed to be very expressive. Underneath it are the following lines, from the pen of Professor Wilson. They will, I am sure, find a response in the bosom of every mother.

"Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
That stray along thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
O! can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death?  
Those features to the grave be sent,  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?  
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?

O, that my spirit's eye could see  
Whence burst those dreams of ecstasy!  
That light of dreaming soul appears  
To play from thoughts above thy years.  
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring  
To heaven, and heaven's own God adoring:  
And who can tell what visions high  
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?"

A mother's love! There is scarcely any thing in nature so pure and disinterested. Constant, too, and untiring, it follows us through all our devious windings from the cradle to the grave. It is thought to be stronger than a father's love. If sickness or danger threaten, she is the foremost to render assistance—she enters more fully into all the little joys and sorrows of her child, and more willingly foregoes ease and rest for its sake. In her is emphatically "the ruling passion strong in death."

Not long since I stood trembling at the bed-side of one who was about to try the realities of the invisible world. Just before the awful moment arrived, when the glad spirit dropped its clay tenement, and took its upward flight, the energies of nature appeared to rally a little—she gave a searching glance about the room, and feebly exclaimed, "O, my family!" This was the last coherent expression she uttered, and it vibrated upon every nerve of my body. I think I hear it still.

It is thought to be, I said, stronger than a father's love. In the account we have of Joseph and Mary returning to Jerusalem, in quest of their lost son, it is worthy of remark, when they find him in the temple, the mother, true to nature and to fact, is the first to address him: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?"

It is the mother who fixes the destiny of the child—it is those lessons of instruction received at her knee, which, falling like dew upon the tender plant, give di-

rection to its subsequent course. But love alone, however much of moral beauty and poetry are in it, will never qualify her for a trust thus momentous—she must also possess much piety and wisdom—sterner virtues, it is true, but absolutely essential. Excessive love for a delicate child in a mother *proud* and *haughty*, ruined poor Byron; for "he was treated with an indulgence that, perhaps, went beyond the bounds of prudence."

It is pleasing to behold, amidst the devastations of the fall, one feature, at least, unimpaired. Contrasting strongly with other of the affections, which unhappily are so greatly disordered, maternal love stands forth a redeeming principle, forming an easy and safe criterion by which to judge the depravity of poor human nature on the one hand, and on the other the superior excellencies of that nature, had it retained its estate of primeval purity.



W O M A N .

PERHAPS one of the most indispensable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the perfect line of beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance fraught with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness; but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.



"HOPE not," says the celebrated Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy, on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy, "for perfect happiness; there is no such thing on earth; though if it were, it would not be at court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend—your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the marriage state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humor with patient mildness."



F R I E N D S H I P .

WARWICK, in his "Spare Minutes," thus describes common friendship: "When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the cap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarmed in abundance; but, in the winter of my needs, they leave me naked."



Original.

## THE MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS BROWNING.

The New York Evangelist briefly notices the death of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell and his wife, missionaries of the American Board, which occurred on their way to their place of destination among the Nestorians of western Asia. Mr. Mitchell was a man of the highest promise and talents; and his wife, who was very young, is represented as combining all that is lovely in woman. Their melancholy fall, so full of anguish to the bereaved friends, and so deeply lamented by all who are interested in the advancement of Christ's cause, has called forth the following tribute to the memory of the youthful sufferers.

YON valiant soldier of the cross! see now  
 Devotion kindle in his glowing eye;  
 Determination stamps his youthful brow,  
 For Christ to live, and in his cause to die.  
 A mother's sorrows and a sister's tears  
 Move not the noble purpose of his soul;  
 He points to heaven to soothe and hush those fears,  
 Which only faith in Jesus can control.  
 "How blessings brighten as they take their flight,"  
 And tighter twine around his heart those cords  
 That he must sever in the cause and might  
 Of the great King of kings and Lord of lords.  
 The memory of a thousand scenes of joy  
 Crowd on the heart their bursting eloquence—  
 A mother, nightly praying o'er her boy,  
 His hope, his blessing, and his strong defense—  
 Kind sisters, playmates of his childhood hours,  
 And sharers of the joy of riper years,  
 Are dearer now; and e'en the birds and flowers,  
 Could he but weep, demand the flowing tears.  
 But, O, a gentle one is by his side,  
 A very girl in tenderness and years;  
 Yet strong in faith and love, that youthful bride,  
 And hope that looks beyond the darkest fears.  
 Now is the hour for woman's soul to rise,  
 Unmindful of the agony within;  
 She points them to a home beyond the skies,  
 And sweetly whispers, "There we'll meet again.  
 We bear Immanuel's flag to Jacob's race—  
 We go to lead his chosen ones to God;  
 Then speed us with the story of his grace,  
 The raptured song of Christ's redeeming blood.  
 Father, you'll miss me at the hour of prayer,  
 Or when in praise the heart goes up in song;  
 You'll miss me ever from your tender care;  
 But time is short—you will not miss me long.  
 And, mother, when your patient, watchful love,  
 Would fondly yearn o'er one it sought to shield  
 From sorrow, pain, and sin, then look above,  
 And to your Savior's care your daughter yield  
 Farewell, dear parents—brothers, sisters, too;  
 Each book or friend, each favorite walk or tree,  
 Will bring my image back again to you,  
 And waken olden, tender thoughts of me.  
 My own bright sunny home, my childhood's pride,  
 And must I never taste your joys again?  
 The winter's evening, by the bright fire-side,  
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In other climes can I forget thee then?  
 Farewell! our chosen home is far abroad,  
 Our pleasures those which love and duty bring;  
 We'll tread the verdant land our Savior trod,  
 And echoing hills shall with hosannahs ring."  
 The parting blessing to receive they kneel,  
 Those noble ones, the chosen of the Lord,  
 And nature holds her breath, lest the deep spell  
 Be broke—e'en angels still the lyre's cord,  
 And eager gaze in pure and raptured joy.  
 With solemn awe each murmuring heart was stilled,  
 As silent prayed that mother for her boy,  
 While chastened love her bursting bosom filled.  
 Back from his brow the clustering hair she threw,  
 And there a mother's parting kiss she left—  
 Whispered, "To God, to thy young love be true,  
 Of all earth's chosen friends, save thee, bereft."  
 Then rose a father's blessing in that hour,  
 "Great God, be thou their everlasting friend,  
 Guide them aright by thine almighty power,  
 And let thy love their wandering steps attend."  
 But now the spirit-stirring anthem rings,  
 To cheer those Gospel heralds on their way:  
 Still that fond mother to her daughter clings—  
 "Mother, farewell, I must not, cannot stay."  
 They're gone: the deep blue ocean rolls between,  
 Where oft the starry sky dips in its foam;  
 The birds are yet as gay, the leaves as green,  
 But there's a change within their childhood home.

Syria, fair land, most favored spot on earth,  
 Chosen by Him who crown'd thy verdant vales,  
 As sinless man's first home, thou'st given birth  
 To kings and prophets, and thy hills and dales  
 Have often echoed back the lofty praise  
 Of Judah's mighty God, from David's harp.  
 Thy zephyrs whisper tales of other days—  
 Of Babel's plaintive songs, of conflicts sharp  
 With Canaan's ancient kings, and victories won.  
 And e'en thy rugged mountains, cold and bare,  
 Are hallowed by that high and holy One,  
 Who sought their solitude for midnight prayer.  
 The spicy breezes, from each cedar grove,  
 And vineyard rare, waft us his dying breath,  
 Whose quenchless, wondrous, agonizing love,  
 Purchased our ransom by a Savior's death.  
 Syria, since, then, is all thy glory lost,  
 A guilty, darken'd cloud hangs o'er thee now;  
 Thy ancient temple spoil'd, thy sons oppress'd,  
 And to a stranger tyrant made to bow.  
 But yet I see a little cloud of light  
 Bursting on high for Israel's down-trod race;  
 It larger grows with rays more glorious bright,  
 And their redemption in its beams I trace.

Such were the thoughts of that devoted pair,  
 As side by side the vessel's deck they trod;  
 Each sound was hushed, and gone the daylight glare,  
 While the soft moon threw round her silvery flood.  
 The scene was one of passing loveliness.  
 Like some good spirit from the world of life,

To cheer his heart mid joy or loneliness,  
 To that fond husband seem'd his trusting wife,  
 As with the Christian poet's raptured eye  
 God's promises to Abram's seed she plead,  
 And saw their coming ransom sealed on high,  
 While doubt and fear before her spirit fled.  
 The winds among the canvass whispering low,  
 Flung back the waving tresses from her brow;  
 Her speaking eye grows brighter with the glow  
 Of her own feelings, as they deepen now.  
 The night was calm, and save th' All-seeing eye  
 That guarded them with tender, constant love,  
 They were alone beneath that cloudless sky,  
 And shining stars look'd on them from above.  
 Then, as arose upon the evening air  
 The solemn voice of that devoted man,  
 In soul-subduing, soul-exalting prayer,  
 They gave themselves entire to God again.  
 Before them lay the fair and promised land,  
 And 'mongst its rocky hills, their destined sphere  
 But neither rocky hills nor barren sands  
 Depress'd their hearts, or caused the starting tear.  
 E'en now they hear the deep, heart-rending cry  
 Of millions, perishing for heavenly food—  
 O, if they had but angel's wings to fly,  
 To bear the blessed manna sent from God!

'Twas autumn twilight: the rich sunset sky  
 Spread o'er a scene of lonely barren sand;  
 Nor aught is seen to entertain the eye,  
 Save one lone tent, in this deserted land.  
 Why there alone? beside that desert spring,  
 O'er which not e'en a pine its shadows threw—  
 Mayhap a wandering Arab on the wing,  
 With booty, plundered from the pilgrim Jew—  
 Bold, fearless, tameless tribe, whose chosen home  
 Is in the wilderness, or mountain land,  
 Whose freedom is the desert plain to roam—  
 O, when will thy redemption be at hand?  
 And who can tell but this may be the spot  
 Where banish'd Ishmael's fainting parent wept;  
 Then turn'd unto the fount with blessings fraught,  
 And promises which God has faithful kept.  
 But, ah! the thrilling scene within that tent  
 Is not of Arab, feasting on his spoils;  
 That anguish'd sigh comes from a bosom rent  
 With bitter grief, and bound with bleeding coils.  
 O, who can tell the agony of woe  
 To woman's heart, when all its hopes so bright,  
 Its treasured love, are crushed beneath the blow  
 Which hides their earthly object from her sight!  
 And such, indeed, was the devotion pure  
 Of that fair girl, exiled from early home,  
 And every joy that can the heart allure,  
 With one she lov'd, in stranger lands to roam.  
 Since then, not one brief year has coursed its round,  
 And with their mountain home almost in sight,  
 Each glittering hope is trampled to the ground;  
 For death is there, with his resistless might.  
 There on a lowly couch the sufferer lies,

That holy man, a youthful martyr now,  
 And faith relights the brighten'd hopes that rise  
 To chase the gathering shadows from his brow.  
 His cold and dying hands are clasp'd in hers,  
 His icy cheek is pillow'd on her breast.  
 Could she but warm them with her scalding tears,  
 The desert, more than Eden bower, were blest.  
 "Great God," she cried, "in mercy spare him now,  
 O, leave me not alone in this dread hour;"  
 Then press'd such burning kisses on his brow,  
 As are unknown except to love's despair.  
 She drew him closer to her throbbing heart,  
 And vainly strove to warm his life anew—  
 Raised her clasp'd hands to heaven, "Lord, must we  
 part?

Then give him grace to die, and triumph too."  
 Her prayer was answered, and his glowing eye  
 Told of the holy joy that filled his breast:  
 "Mary, dear Mary, I could calmly die,  
 But, O, my widow'd wife, where will she rest,  
 In that dark hour to which her heart must bow,  
 When most she needs a husband's tender love?  
 But God has called me, dearest; I must go;  
 He'll gently guard thee, my own, stricken dove.  
 My absent mother, be her hope and stay,  
 God of my life! who dost not need me here,  
 Else thou wouldst not have call'd me thus away;  
 But let her know my sky in death was clear.  
 God shield thee, wife, for I am going now;  
 Earth fades away, but heaven is full in sight."  
 One look of love he gave, and murmur'd low  
 His last farewell; then sped to realms of light  
 That spirit pure—too pure on earth to stay.  
 Close to her breast the almost frantic wife  
 Still pressed in agony the soulless clay,  
 Seeking in vain to call it back to life—  
 "O, breathe again, my husband, speak once more,  
 Call me thine own, and bid me die for thee.  
 'Tis all in vain. Great God in mercy hear—  
 To thee, and thee alone, for help I flee;"  
 Then by his side she sank in agony of prayer.

As the lost sailor, 'mid the howling storm  
 And midnight darkness, sees the morning star  
 Rise in the east, and instant all is calm;  
 So when her soul, amid its deep despair,  
 Look'd up to Christ, her only refuge now,  
 He gently soothed and hushed its sigh and care,  
 And bade her heart in sweet submission bow.  
 She calmly wiped the dampness from his brow,  
 And printed on his lips a last fond kiss:  
 "Yes, dearest, sainted one, thou'st left me now,  
 But soon I'll join thee in the realms of bliss."  
 No wonder that those rude and mountain men  
 Were filled with pity for that lonely child—  
 More quick to do her bidding now, than when,  
 For promised gold, along the way they toiled.  
 She saw that their stern hearts could deeply feel—  
 Then pointed to her husband's lifeless form;  
 Their moisten'd eyes quick answer'd her appeal,



And told her she was safe from every harm.  
 O, what a night was that, as by his side  
 On suffering couch she lay till morning sun,  
 Of earthly friend and comfort all denied,  
 And toil, fatigue, and grief their work had done!  
 Then, as they bore her husband from her view,  
 Wrapp'd in his cloak, uncoffined, without shroud,  
 And o'er his form the desert sand they threw,  
 In pain and anguish there she meekly bowed.  
 That was the hour that woman's soul most tries,  
 (And who can feel its thrilling horrors may—  
 To attempt the scene in words my pen denies;)—  
 And in that hour she knew that she must die.  
 Then thoughts of home came rushing thro' her mind,  
 A father, watching o'er her suffering bed—  
 A sister, in her warm affections twined:  
 "O, were they here to bathe my burning head!  
 And, mother, wert thou here to soothe me now,  
 Thy love would chase away my spirit's grief—  
 Would still the throbbing of my aching brow,  
 And to my dying hour bring sweet relief."  
 She linger'd there in pain a few brief days—  
 No gentler nurse than the attending Koords,  
 Who guarded them thro' all their desert ways,  
 And, save their pitying looks, no soothing words.  
 Sometime her thoughts in wild delirium roam,  
 To happy scenes that in her memory live—  
 To youthful friends around her childhood home—  
 Vain, fleeting fancies, yet they pleasure give.  
 And then, in joy too rapturous to remain,  
 Her husband labors in Nestoria's land—  
 She's by his side, and hears his voice again;  
 Then wakes, to die, there in the desert sand.  
 They buried her beside his lowly grave,  
 Bore to her weeping friends the tidings drear,  
 A penciled line that she in dying gave,  
 And bade them carry back—memento dear.

Who'll answer now the deep, heart-rending cry,  
 Borne on each breeze, from far Nestoria's land?  
 Shall it unheeded pass—the famished die?  
 And we dare meet them, curs'd at Christ's left hand?  
 And can we hear them ask the way of life,  
 Then weigh the anguish of a soul that's lost,  
 Shut out from heaven, consign'd to hopeless grief,  
 And longer stay to count the trifling cost?  
 O, Christian reader, by thy hopes of heaven—  
 By all thy blessings, rich, and high, and rare—  
 By all thy precious joys, of sins forgiven,  
 Art thou not call'd upon to hasten there,  
 With news of Christ, the fainting soul to cheer—  
 The Gospel feast to spread—bid sinners come—  
 The promised highway of the Lord prepare,  
 That Israel's ransom'd seed may hasten home?  
 What costly sacrifice hast thou to bring  
 To Christ? Come, haste, and offer at his shrine;  
 Give what thy soul most loves—an offering;  
 'Tis all thou canst return for love divine.  
 If thou wilt bear the cross, with all its shame,  
 Eternal life and Christ himself are thine;

And when at last he owns thy worthless name,  
 Thou shalt with him in radiant glory shine.

## SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SLEEP, dearest, long and sweet,  
 With smile upon thy brow,  
 Thy restless, tottering feet,  
 Are surely weary now,  
 Trotting about all day  
 Upon the nursery-floor,  
 Or happier still to play  
 Among the wild flowers gay  
 Beside thy father's door.

Thy little laughing eyes,  
 How tranquilly they rest,  
 Thy tiny fingers clasp'd  
 Upon thy guiltless breast,  
 While o'er thy placid face  
 The stealing moonbeams fall,  
 And with a heaven-taught grace  
 Thy baby features trace  
 Upon the shaded wall.

Sleep, dearest! She whose ear  
 Her nursing-infant's sigh  
 Hath never waked to hear  
 When midnight's hush was nigh,  
 Ne'er felt its balmy kiss  
 The cradle-care repay,  
 Hath she not chanced to miss  
 The deepest, purest bliss  
 That cheers life's pilgrim-way?

To see each budding power  
 Thy Maker's goodness bless,  
 To catch the manna-shower  
 Of thy full tenderness,  
 The immortal mind to train—  
 No more divine employ  
 Thy mother seeks to gain,  
 Until her spirit drain  
 The seraph cup of joy.

Original.

## HAPPINESS.

I HAVE been where 'twas said I should meet thee,  
 With the learned, the gay, and the fair,  
 But when I expected to greet thee,  
 Thy shadow was all that was there.

I come to the humble and holy,  
 And dwell with the faithful and true,  
 I shed a soft light on the lowly,  
 Who goodness and glory pursue.

S. B.

Original.  
THE WIDOW.

"Choose all our changes, Lord."

I WAS once on board a steamboat where there occurred a little adventure, which fixed, and, as it were, pointed the text which I have placed as a motto, indelibly in my mind. There was, amongst the passengers, a young female with her two infant children, who had recently become a widow. Her bereavement, as I learned, had happened in a very sudden and affecting manner. The casualty of an instant had left her friendless and forlorn, in a country remote from her birth-place, and without the common solace of kindred or even of neighborhood. She was the wife of an emigrant, but a few months in our country, and but imperfectly acquainted with its customs and usages. She was a Scotch woman, the daughter of a farmer, and, as I found, quite an extraordinary character; and though her life had been simple, she had received a very good education, and whilst she knew very little of the world, was possessed of an intuitive good sense, which greatly supplied the deficiency. Above all, she was strongly grounded in *religion*. I saw her in a situation where she was sorely tried. I first saw her as I looked over the guard of the boat into the lower deck; for in that place she had taken her passage. And as she sat apart with children, I was struck with her superior look to those about her. I became interested to observe her closely, and subsequently, from conversation, I gathered her little story. It seems her young husband, desiring a better start in life than his patrimony afforded him, and having also met with some hindrances of property, had decided to cross the ocean, and seek, in America, the land of hope, a broader field of enterprise. Alas! he sought a grave; and many a time in his brief career, after he reached the land, he might have exclaimed with Hassan—

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,  
When first from *Shiraz*' walls I bent my way."

Alas! for him there was no return. He landed in New Orleans at an unsuitable season of the year to get acclimated. The weather was hot and depressing. He was amongst strangers, anxious, and short of money, and unacquainted with the resources of the country. It seems he had come up the river in search of a situation as overseer of a plantation, leaving his family in the city until he should ascertain a home for them. Some business he found, though not what he sought; for he had been objected to as appearing above the situation of overseer, and probably insufficient to its duties, as well as averse, by national feeling, to its peculiar offices. But he had obtained some business, and now wrote a letter to his wife to come to him, inclosing the necessary funds for her expenses. But the faithless messenger, a heartless villain, abstracted the money, and destroyed the letter, and the first news the unfortunate woman received was, that her husband was dead! He had been seized with the fever of the country, and in his delirium and his anxiety to see his fam-

ily, had wandered by night from his unattended bed to the river, and there was drowned, having been discovered too late for assistance.

The widow was now on her way from New Orleans to Bayou Sara, on the melancholy errand of seeing the spot, and learning the particulars of her husband's death—hoping, too, in her destitute condition, to save whatever little effects he might have died possessed of. She had taken her passage in the boat, as I have said, as deck passenger; but the captain, a benevolent man, when he ascertained the particulars of her case, told her she should come free of charge, and also, when a vacancy occurred that day, by the landing of some ladies at a town on the river, he removed her and her children into the vacant state-room. The water was in a very low stage, and it took the unusual time of five days from the city to Bayou Sara.

The day after the widow's installment in the ladies' cabin, there arrived a party from a plantation on the coast, consisting of a gentleman and his wife, an infant of two years and his nurse, and one or two other attendants. Their passage had been bespoken on the downward trip of the boat, and a state-room held in reserve for them. It so happened that when the lady of the plantation first entered the cabin, seeing the sun full upon her apartment, she declared herself dissatisfied, saying it was out of the question that her infant should lie in a room exposed to the sun, or *on that side of the boat where the sun came!* And she looked about, as we may suppose she had been accustomed to do at home, to espy *whom* she might dislodge; and seeing the lowly looks and humble arrangements of the widow on the opposite side, she asserted at once that she believed that *that* was the room which had been selected for her! The widow replied, "Madam, I don't know, the captain put me in this apartment." "O, the captain has made a mistake," insisted the lady, "I spoke first for the room, of course, as I engaged it on the downward trip; besides, my little boy is not well, and can't stand the sun." Some one suggested to the widow that the subject had better be referred to the captain. But she, feeling probably that she would not, however innocently, embarrass him with his passengers, said, with dignity and gentleness, in low but measured voice, "I *will* let the lady have my room, although, in a like case, I would not take hers;" adding, "If her babe is sick, she is welcome to it; for mine, thank God, are well." The rooms, she knew, were equally good; yet she felt the indignity of being displaced at the will of another. The poor creature was full of grief, and bewildered with anxieties; and the *unfriendliness* of this assault wounded and oppressed her. She made ready to remove her things. Her scanty packages gave place to the rich and massive traveling apparatus of the *lady*. What a contrast the two presented, in all respects, of condition and of *character!*

When the lady saw her busying herself to remove, she insisted that her servant should lift the things for her, "since," said she, in her petulant self-complacency,



"you have *chosen* to be so good as to remove for me, I ought to help you." The widow took a babe on either arm, as if they were her comforters. She looked much disturbed, and very pale; and making no reply to the other, she cast her eyes, which were full of tears, up to heaven, and said in a low, sustained, and humble voice, "Choose all our changes for us, Lord." She passed into the opposite room and shut the door. And amongst the twenty women that were present, there was silence in that hall for three minutes—attesting to the right feeling for the oppressed party. And when, with the next tack of the boat, the sun was seen blazing full upon the head of the innocent babe, the unconscious usurper, the ill-repressed titter and the half-malicious smile which passed from face to face, told the lady where to look; and she sprang into the state-room, impatiently pulling the door after her, and was heard taxing Nelly for "not keeping the sun out of the room." There she stayed for a quarter of an hour, and by this time she "was lonesome;" and when she reappeared with her hands full of oranges, which, in their luscious ripeness, she dispersed to the company, they were as well received as if she had not been condemned by every one present, and as if it had not been decided, by unanimous vote, in her absence, *to send her to Coventry* during the rest of the voyage.

An hour afterward, when the widow came out of her room, the lady of the plantation rose alertly and fetched three fine oranges, saying, "I saved them for you." The little widow said, with humane dignity, putting back her hand, "You must excuse *me*; but the children may eat theirs—I thank you." The other was neither offended, nor touched, nor surprised—in fact, she had no delicacy. Selfishness and humorsomeness had devoured her sensibilities, and she was a petulant, spoiled grown baby. And though I have called her, *par excellence*, the "lady of the plantation," yet it was not because she owned one, and was indulged in luxury, that she was necessarily such; for many a judicious and excellent lady, amongst others, have I seen from the same station. She had been unlucky in her "raising."

But the manœuvre of the rooms, though it quelled for the present the lady's restlessness, had not come to its sequel yet. Our boat had been *racing* all day long with one of an opposition line; and just at dusk, when the light of the horizon dazzled rather than aided the pilot, we were entering what is called a shute, or narrow passage, where the channel is divided by an island, and each boat trying to forestall the other of the way, dashed ahead, when, lo! their boat came with all violence afoul the bows of ours, tearing away the bulwarks, and probably, but for the intervention of a timber, would have pierced quite into it. The shock of the concussion was very great, and the terror for an instant was general. And it so happened that the brunt of the collision was received on the very berth which the lady had claimed for her child, and he was reposing there; and though nothing actually came in contact with his head, yet the shock, the terror, and agitation,

caused an access of fever, and great suffering. And now again the orange-eaters were full of significance and gratulation to the widow; but she repelled them, saying, "I am not wicked; I thank God that my children are well." And she expressed to the mother her genuine sympathy; and supposing a wound or a bruise had been received, she said, "I have some opedeldoc in my room, it is a very good thing."

Now the catastrophe is so signal, and partook so much of "poetical justice," that the reader may think it a romance; but it did all actually occur in the order in which I have related it. And perhaps it is not more direct, only more immediate and better revealed to us than many a *consequence* which our apprehensions have been too short-sighted or too dull to retrace to some miscalculating perversity of *will*, where we have plucked disaster upon ourselves, which had been avoided in a regular course of propriety.

When we arrived at Bayou Sara, the widow left the boat; and as she was passing out, she of the plantation heard the rest bidding her adieu. She rushed out of her state-room, halloing, "Here, stop," and putting a heavy bunch of coral into her hand, said, "That is for the children;" adding, without much tact, "You must *remember me*." The little widow had got to know her by this time, and good naturedly accepted the gift; and hoping the babe might soon be well, she added, with simple good will, "Yes, I shall *remember you*." At which the orange-eaters again were nearly in acclamation.

A steamboat is a very good place to read the world at large in little. What ever became of either of them I have never heard.

One other instance I recollect of the widow, which was characteristic, and, in her poverty, tested her principles. The captain came out on the guards where she and myself were sitting together, and told her that if she wished it, he would "take up a pool" for her. She did not at first understand the expression; and when it was explained to her that she might have the *avails*, or rather the proceeds of an evening's *gambling*, she hesitated not, but replied, "No, I *must not* take that." She thanked the captain gratefully for what he had done for her.

I had been much interested for her; and though I left her surrounded by disastrous circumstances, and not used to the world, yet, as she was neither rash nor ill-guided—as she was humble, patient, and truly *pious*, and as none *need* famish in our country, I trust that the widow's God has revealed to her some turn, by which she can gain a subsistence for herself and her children.

MATILDA.

If we had more faith, we should have more communion with our blessed Lord in his mediatorial office; and by beholding him as praying to the Father to send the promised Comforter, how would our expectations of receiving more abundant power from on high be increased!—*Mrs. Mortimer.*

Original.

## TO MY FRIEND.

BLEST be the ties that bound us!  
 How sweet their memory proves,  
 As, fondly, recollection  
 Recalls our early loves!  
 Deep on our hearts are graven,  
 Till fancy cease to roam,  
 The endearing scenes of childhood—  
 The thoughts of early home.

With hearts of pure affection,  
 There hand in hand we strayed,  
 Along the flowing streamlet  
 That irrigates the mead—  
 To cull the hawthorn blossom—  
 To twine the myrtle wreath—  
 To see the active wood-nymphs  
 Sport through the blooming heath.

'Midst deeply tangled wild woods  
 And aromatic groves,  
 We traced the warbling songsters,  
 And heard the cooing doves;  
 In innocent amusement  
 We gave their nestlings food,  
 And watched the anxious parent  
 Chirp o'er her tender brood.  
 We sought the humble violet,  
 The daisy and dew-drop—  
 Fair emblem of our childhood,  
 The sweet forget-me-not.

The Elysian fields of pleasure  
 Our youthful feet have trod,  
 No art of pen or pencil  
 Can truthfully record.  
 Deep on our hearts are graven,  
 Till memory cease to roam,  
 The endearing scenes of childhood—  
 The thoughts of early home.

MARY.

## "ONCE MORE AT HOME."

ONCE more at home! once more at home!  
 How joyful is my heart!  
 Who would not sometimes gladly roam,  
 And from the dearest part,  
 If there may come a meeting hour,  
 And joy like this be known,  
 And o'er our heart, affection's power  
 Be felt, and seen, and owned!

Once more at home! and O how sweet  
 Sounds each familiar voice!  
 A smile illumines each face we meet,  
 And all our hearts rejoice.  
 The scenes of by-gone days appear,  
 In memory clear and bright;  
 And those who were in childhood dear,  
 We meet with pure delight.

2

Once more at home! a happy band  
 Around the evening fire:  
 In our accustomed place we stand,  
 To tune the sacred lyre,  
 And once again our voices raise  
 In chorus loud and clear,  
 To Him who claims our earliest praise,  
 And love the most sincere.

Once more at home! but, ah! not here  
 Unmingled joy is found:  
 Our smile is blended with a tear,  
 And sighs are breathed around;  
 For we are met a broken band—  
 Our chain of love is riven—  
 Death hath been here with cruel hand,  
 And earth to earth is given.

But faith points to a land above—  
 A land, where all is peace and love;  
 And there, O there are never riven  
 Affection's ties—that land is heaven. M. E.

Original.

## COME TO JESUS.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

"COME to Jesus," saith the Spirit—  
 O, slight not his gentle prayer!  
 Richest joys you may inherit—  
 Noblest blessings freely share.  
 Early heed his gracious warning—  
 Look to Jesus while you may;  
 In life's fair deceitful morning,  
 Ask of him to guide your way.

Ask of him in faith, believing—  
 None he ever turns aside;  
 Nothing doubting—all receiving—

So his grace thy heart shall guide.  
 Early, then, my dear Cornelia,  
 Seek his love to make thee blest;  
 Since he hath the power to save you,  
 In his gracious promise rest.  
 Onward, then, on him relying—  
 Never fearing—never flying—  
 Safely on to glory press.

## DISTRESS.

How many thousands at this very hour  
 Feel the keen-pointed weapon of distress,  
 Who little thought that his despotic power  
 Would thus involve their lives in wretchedness!  
 Perhaps some mother mourns her dying son,  
 The only prop of her declining age:  
 Some weeping orphan's last, last parent gone!  
 Thrown lone and helpless on the world's rude stage.



## NOTICES.

THE MILLENIUM OF THE APOCALYPSE.—Much is said and written of the millenium. Whether we do not err in directing the attention of the Church so frequently to its time and its manner is a question. We regret to learn that good men, and worthy ministers, are turning from the very labors which must bring it about, to deliver themselves of their speculations in regard to its near approach, and its visible aspects. Professor Bush published a work some years since on this subject, and a second edition is now issued, which, from the temper of the times, will find a ready sale. Its author is erudite, and all his productions are clothed with interest. He argues that the *millenium proper* is past, though great prosperity yet awaits the Church. We prefer, however, such appeals to the Churches as come to us from the pen of Harris. Zion needs to be told what she shall do to hasten on the triumphs of the Gospel, and she needs to be roused by strong appeal, and set to the doing of it. Mr. Bush, Mr. Miller, and all those who inculcate the theory of either, may entertain the curious, but this is not the best service that can be rendered to mankind.

MEANS AND ENDS, OR SELF-TRAINING. By Miss Sedgwick. Harper & Brothers.—Few works of its class equal in merit this little book, which blends so much profit and amusement that we know not which to admire most, its wit or its doctrine. It admonishes young ladies in high life of many things which even their indulgent mothers are prone to forget. We cannot refuse the following extract from a letter of a New York lady, who moved to the west, and found that house-keeping on the frontiers was not the same thing as in New York:

"The first morning after our arrival, I determined to be energetic, and do my best to make my family comfortable till I could supply Anne's place, so I hurried on my dressing-gown, and went down to the kitchen to make the coffee. But how was it to be made? I ran up to ask Rose. She had 'always seen it made in a grecque,' so had I, but we had none. I thought if I let it soak long enough in boiling water, it would be as good as if poured through a grecque. Accordingly, I soaked it till I had every thing else ready. Anne had left some little trout all prepared to fry. I put them in a utensil that I knew was called a frying-pan, and there they dried away to a coal. In attempting to cut the bread, I cut my thumb, it has been ever since nearly useless to me!

"What stuff is that?" asked my husband, when I poured out the coffee. I burst into tears, and confessed my ignorance. 'You should have boiled it, my dear,' he said. The next morning I did boil it, but it was so thick, it could not be drank. How to clarify it, none of us knew—we drink tea for the present. I have my beds to make, my rooms to sweep, and my tables to set, but I am well and strong, and should not mind it, (for I really feel the better for the exercise,) if I only knew how. Anne left us a large baking of bread. I looked forward with dismay to the time when that should be eaten up. We were reduced to the last loaf, and I begged my husband to ride over to the nearest neighbor's (two miles) and get me some leaven—for I knew that bread required leaven, though not how to make it, and unfortunately, my receipt-book was in a package of books not yet arrived.

"The good dame sent me some hard, bitter cakes, which she called 'turnpike emptyings.' How to apply them I did not know, but I grated them into my flour, and I rose in my own esteem: but, alas! my bread did not rise! You laugh, my dear friend; I laugh, too, sometimes; but, I assure you that I cry much oftener. All day, and all night, I waited for the dough to rise. In the morning, it was the same lump as when I mixed it. My husband suggested it might rise in the oven; this seemed to me a bright thought, and into the oven it went; but, alas! it came out even more solid than it went in. My children were actually crying for bread, and I had nothing better than a stone to give them. I went to my room. My beautiful Petrarca was lying on the table. I looked at it for a moment with a sort of loathing. I would gladly have given all my knowledge of Italian, of which I have felt proud, to know how to make bread! 'But,' said my conscience, 'you might read Italian, and make bread, too. The time spent in getting half-

a-dozen lessons, would have sufficed to acquaint you with this essential art.'

"Do you remember how we used to laugh at Uncle John, when he came down from the country, and would tell us that we did not know any thing? Vain-glorying as we were, in being the first scholars in Madame C.'s school; 'Learn to make bread, girls,' he would say, 'the staff of life—learn to make bread.'

"But I know how to make cake, Uncle,' you replied. 'Fiddle de dee!' said Uncle John, 'that is an easy matter—but learn to make bread. Did you ever hear, girls, the story of the Queen of France, who, when she was told her subjects wanted bread, asked why they did not give them cake?' 'I do not understand you, Uncle,' said I. 'Perhaps not, but you may one of these days.' Poor Uncle John, it seemed to me his ghost was at my elbow while I was watching that bread. I could make cake—so could Rose. I once made some on a wager, under the eye of my mother's pastry-cook, but of what use was cake when we wanted bread.

"To return to my story. While I was lamenting my good-for-nothingness, my husband came in, and asked if he should unpack my piano? 'No—no,' I cried, 'I never will touch my piano again till I know how to make bread. Get me a horse, if you love me, and let me ride over to that woman, and ask what she meant by sending me those detestable turnpike emptyings.' By the time I got to Mrs. Gates', my feelings were somewhat subdued; so that I asked, very meekly, for directions how to use the turnpikes.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the good woman, 'I thought you knew as much as that!' I blushingly confessed I did not, and she gave me the directions. I went home, kneaded up my bread, and that evening's meal on the nice light loaf of my own making, was, it seems to me, one of the happiest of my life."

BUNYAN'S "HOLY WAR."—This and Pilgrim's Progress, the principal works of the celebrated John Bunyan, will immortalize their author. What has now brought the former to our notice, is its re-publication by the American Sunday School Union. The "Holy War" is an allegory, and sets forth paradise—that is, the inward paradise of the soul—lost and regained. It details fancifully the conflicts between celestial and infernal powers for the possession of the town of "Mansoul." The edition now issued is illustrated by numerous engravings. The Christian will read this work for profit, and the careless for amusement.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? OR THE WILL AND THE WAY. By the Author of "Wealth and Worth." Harper & Brothers.—This is equal, or superior in merit to Wealth and Worth. The story is full of life; and the style is chaste. We understand that Wealth and Worth has passed already through four editions, and another is forth-coming. This is almost unprecedented. If any stories are of a good moral tendency, these are among the best, and should by all means supplant others in the hands of the young.

CHARLES ELWOOD, OR THE INFIDEL CONVERTED. By O. A. Brownson.—This book of poetic fiction was lately loaned us by a friend, who had read it with great admiration of its style, which she strangely characterized as "more than simplicity itself." It is the product of a distempered brain, and a mal-verted heart. Yet its abominations come forth with all possible grace of expression. Its doctrine is arsenic; but it is ministered in a cup of clarified honey. Read the following paragraph:

"The last time I had seen him, he was on the anxious seats, where he succeeded in becoming converted. He was now a saint, and could address his former friends and associates as sinners. Conversion operates differently on different subjects. Some it makes better, manward as well as Godward, sweetening their dispositions, elevating their feelings and aims; others it makes decidedly worse. By persuading them that they are saints, it permits them to fancy that they can do no wrong because they are saints. Of this latter class was my friend George. Religion had in him, combined with a harsh, haughty and vindictive temper, and had given him the courage to display what he had previously studied to conceal."

Mr. Brownson is the *converted* infidel (?)—the hero of his own tale. We do not impeach Mr. Brownson of any other sin than heresy, for we know nothing of him; but we warn our readers against his book. They ought not to dwell in the house with it. It is worse than all plagues.

**THE CLASSIC, OR COLLEGE MONTHLY.**—The first number of the third volume appears in a new and attractive dress. Its frontispiece is embellished with a good lithographic view of the buildings and grounds of the Wesleyan University. This monthly sustains itself well, and great praise is due to Professor Willet, its editor, and his collaborators, for their efforts. Such a periodical must subserve an important end in provoking the efforts of young collegians to produce something worthy of the press. Composition is too much neglected in all our academies and universities. This beautiful monthly will, we trust, cure this evil in our Wesleyan University. Let the work be sufficiently sober, (not, however, losing its literary aspect,) and the whole Church will be interested in its success. We utter no complaints, for the *Classic* has, in the main, been supplied with very excellent matter.

**THE MAGNOLIA, OR SOUTHERN MONTHLY**, edited by P. G. Pendleton, is about to be removed from Savannah, Ga., to Charleston, S. C. This periodical has been enlarged. Its mechanical appearance is respectable, and its correspondents are the best writers of the south. It has of late become more grave, and several of its articles are among the very best presented to the American public.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER.**—The first number of volume twentieth is a pledge of coming entertainment to the numerous readers of this fashionable magazine. This periodical is too well known all over the land to require any notice of its beauties or blemishes from us. It is probably the best magazine of its class; and if we were readers of the fashionable literature of the day, the *Knickerböcker* would be our first choice, and our second would be

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE**—a splendid work, with its inimitable steel and mezzotinto engravings, to say nothing of its fashions for every month, which will suit others, though it should offend us. Surely little can be done in the way of improvement, beyond the *seeming perfection* displayed in the paper, typography, embellishments, and, if the world will have it, the well-wrought fiction of *Graham's Magazine*.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**FEMALE SEMINARY IN CINCINNATI.**—For several months past, efforts have been made to mature a plan for a Female Collegiate Institute in this city. The following is an outline of the plan adopted by leading members of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

1. It is proposed to have the institution chartered with authority to confer degrees.
2. To procure extensive grounds, and erect buildings adapted to the character of the enterprise.
3. To teach all the sciences usually pursued at American colleges, together with all the ornamental branches which a sober regard to morality and religion will warrant.
4. To provide an excellent faculty of instruction and discipline.
5. To have a *normal* department for the purpose of training female teachers.
6. To pay special regard to the moral and religious training of the pupils. And,
7. To make it thoroughly Wesleyan in its character; or, in other words, build a *Methodist* seminary.

The warrant for this enterprise is found,

1. In the entire *destitution* of this city and its vicinity. We have no Methodist female seminary in the southwestern part of Ohio. Nearly every other branch of the Church in this region is cherishing one or more institutions of the kind. They are, to be sure, mostly private seminaries, but they exert an influence in favor of the several denominations to which their respective teachers belong. The Protestant Episcopalians, the

Unitarians, the Swedenborgians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics, have each one or more in this city.

2. Within a circle of twenty miles there are from twenty to thirty thousand Methodists to support such an institution. Many of these are wealthy. The city and its suburbs alone contain three thousand members, and these are lending their support to schools of other denominations—some to Catholics, and some to Protestants.

3. Providence—in the order of which men should always strive to act—seems to open the way for this enterprise. Many leading members of the Church have been stirred up to new zeal on the subject. In regard to teachers, the way has been opened to procure such as it is deemed are best suited to sustain and advance the enterprise.

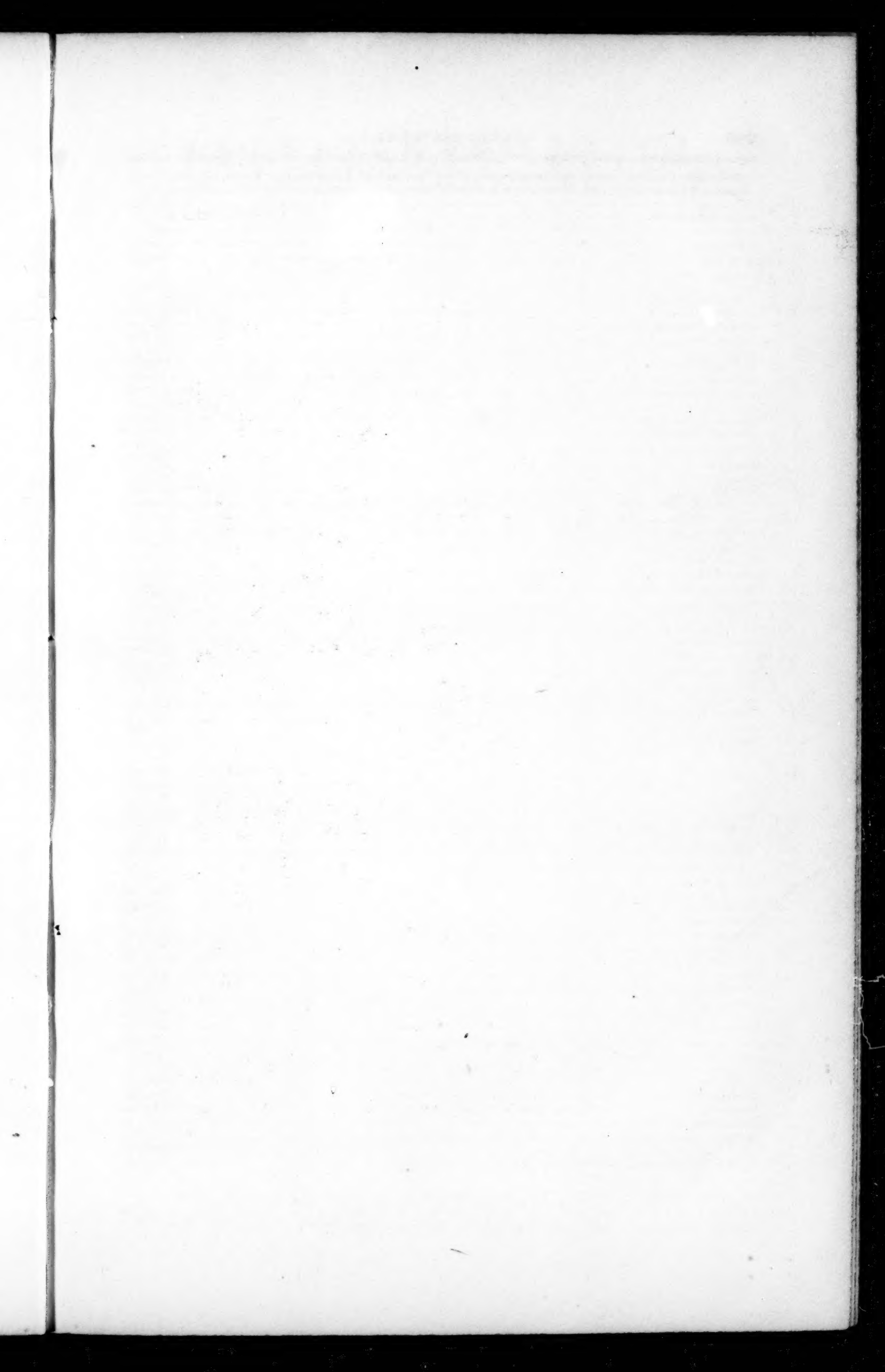
The school, then, will be opened according to the tenor of notices which have appeared in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Provisional arrangements have been made, which are perfectly satisfactory to the movers and early patrons of this plan; and all that is required to render the seminary ultimately one of the very best in the land is a hearty co-operation of the members and friends of the Church. We commit the cause to God, in whose name, and by whose blessing it has been planned, and so far executed.

**MISFORTUNES OF A CORRESPONDENT.**—"Mr. Editor—After being shut up two long months by a violent fall from a horse, I am restored again so far as to be up and walk about with a staff. As to correspondence, I have lost all the poetry of the year. The time of gathering *flowers* saw me prostrated on a bed of *thorns*.

"Mr. H.'s 'Address to the Moon' is not quite equal to some of his contributions. As to his *doctrine*, I deem him heterodox. I never could think of locating heaven in the moon with him, or in the stars with 'Amelia,' or in the sun with somebody else. Away in the invisible regions of God's immensity I would locate that blessed world, whither Jesus is gone 'to prepare a place' for his redeemed. And often do my glad thoughts soar to that happy region, and rove, as fancy may, amid its immortal verdure—its living fountains, and fadeless flowers, with the dear friends I have lost. To me departed friends do not smile from the shadowy cloud, the silvery moon, or the glowing stars. I hear not their voices in the breeze, as some romantically affect to do. No. They are gone, and are out of sight. Their smiles are as a light that has been quenched, and their voices as music that has died away."

This epistle unfolds one important truth, namely, if poets are, as is alleged, immortal, their life is not secure from misfortunes and trials. They suffer like other men. We thank our correspondent for these fine touches of criticism. In the meantime let her be sympathetically admonished to "levy a tax on her misfortunes, and rise by her fall." The cross providences of life have a profitable moral in them. The fall, the bruises, and the staff of our friend, teach lessons of great moment. The fall represents the ruin of our race by transgression. The bruises are a token of the wounds of the soul, under the violence and the torture of sin. The staff reminds one of the soul's dependence on God, without whom "we can do nothing." It is an emblem of the Savior's supporting power. The arm of his strength is reached forth for the aid of all that seek him. As the staff will soon be thrown aside, so the soul will soon cast off its weights, and soar abroad in the "regions of God's immensity." It is true that a crippled state is one of temporary deformity, but this excites pity, and how sweet it is to have the *sympathy* of friends! And no comeliness is like that of *patient suffering*. May our correspondent soon take the harp and walk forth into the green fields! It is not yet too late for generous musings. If the juicy riches of spring are past, here comes staid autumn. The poet can sing of ripe and sustaining fruits as well as of weeping dews, vernal showers, or May-day roses, bursting into beauty from their green, swelling buds. Let her try the death if not the birth of all things. Sing of the falling leaf, if it be too late for the blush and bloom of nature. For surely mortals must fade away, and should be taught to look on the emblems of their destiny.







Engr'd by W. Woodruff Cincinnati for the Ladies Repository.

### THE TOMB OF KOSCIUSKO.

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